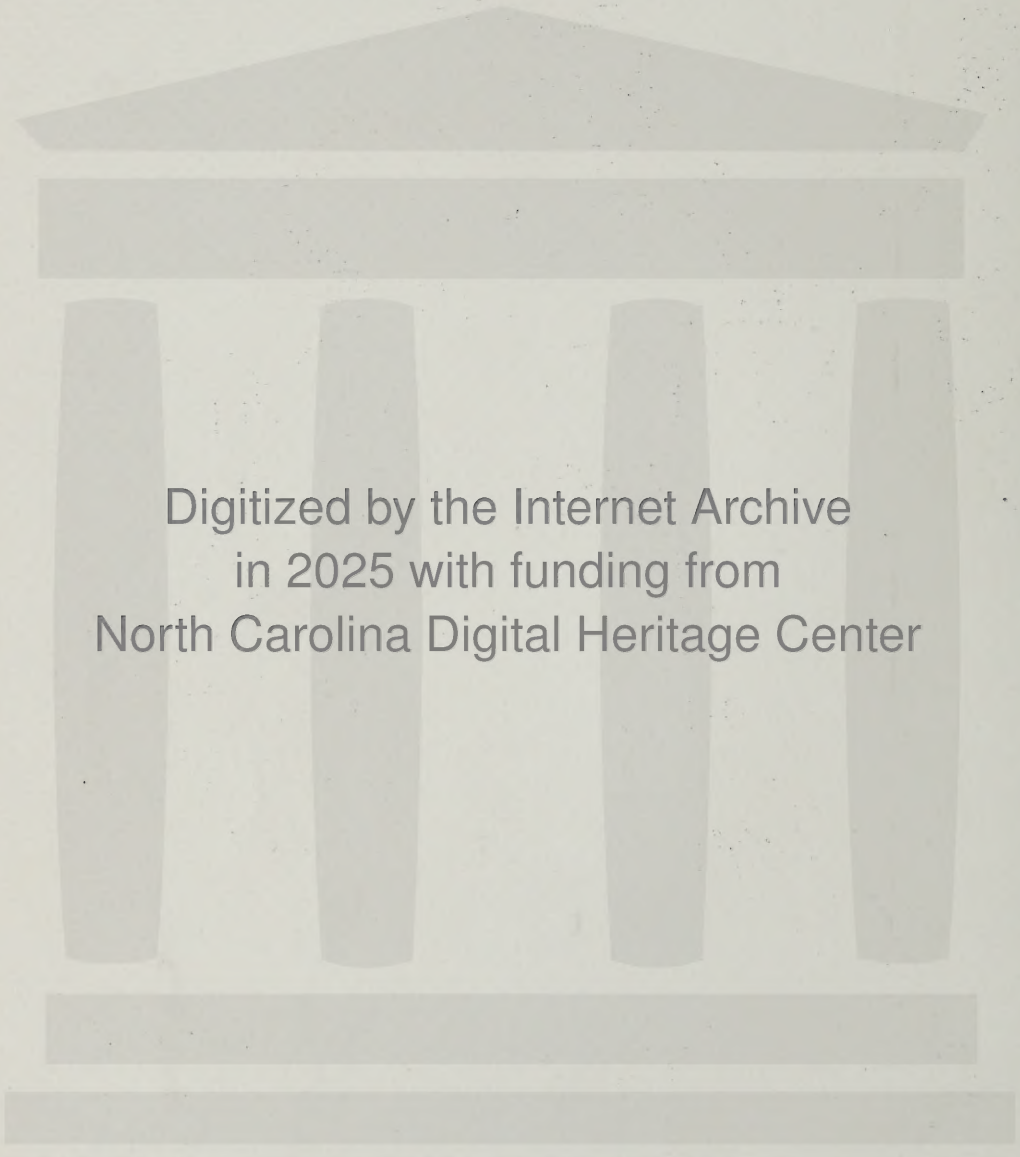
THE BLUE QUILL

OCTOBER - 1953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THE BLUE QUILL

OCTOBER 1953

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QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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I Taught You to be Speakers of Words and Doers of Deeds

In such a college as this we may take that necessary time for our young people to understand, rather than merely to know. I suppose the first definition of a liberal education is to be found in Homer. The old gentleman Phoenix, proud of his student, the hero Achilles, pridefully relates his system of liberal education when he says, "I taught you to be a speaker of words and a doer of deeds."

The above quotation from his inaugural address could ell be what Dr. Jernigan would have said to Queens udents had he known that he would leave us. It is most dicative of him because it is sincere, it is plainly spoken, nd it is from the Greek poet whom he frequently quoted us. If Dr. Jernigan were to write of a death as untimely his, he would no doubt refer to another Greek's work, uripides's concluding lines in *Alcestis:*

> The expected does not always happen,
> And God makes a way for the unexpected.

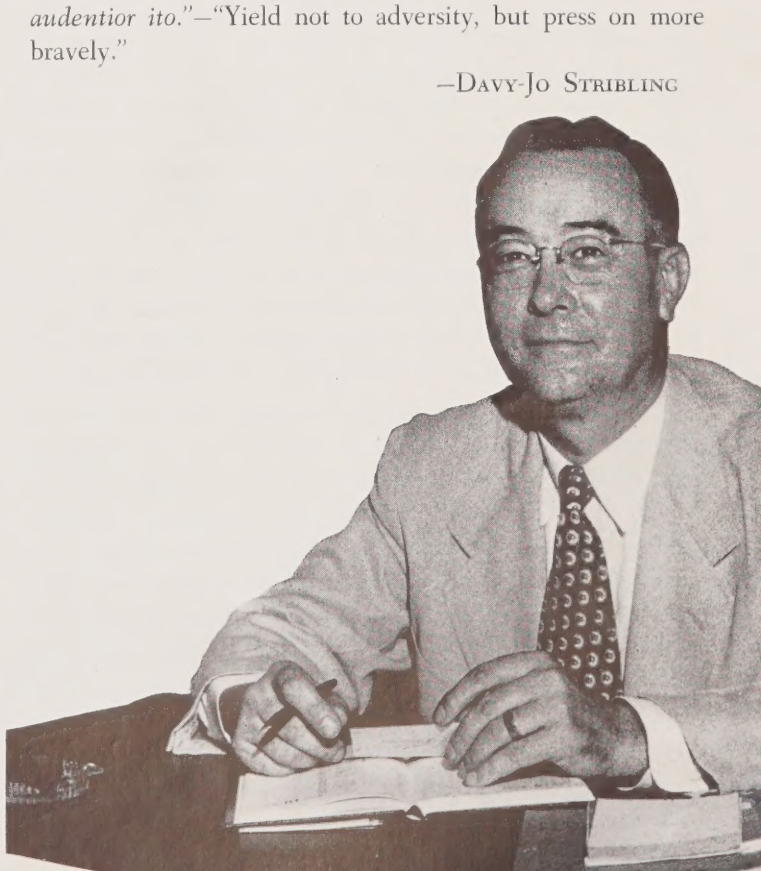
he unexpected happened on July 22, nine days before *he Blue Quill's* deadline; however, we felt that we must o ahead with our original plans, for Dr. Jernigan believed our meeting deadlines. There will be no reminder of is death in the issue. To us he will never die. It is true at he is no longer physically at Queens, but his spirit ill dwell with us forever. As long as Queens students live, e will live.

Dr. Jernigan taught us to be speakers of words and doers deeds. Under his leadership Queens students advertised eir college by words and deeds in a way in which they ever dreamed they could do. He did not tell us what to o—he showed us and worked with us to finish the task. very day life at Queens will stand as a monument to him, r it is impossible to find a place on the campus which e has not made more attractive. He wanted the best for is students. Every Queens student will be reminded daily Dr. Jernigan's presence on the campus as she uses a ew bath, enters an attractively painted room, gets mail the Den, drinks a coke in the Science Building, enterins in Burwell parlors, cashes a check at the bank, studies the library, launders her clothes, chats in the new dorm, vims in the pool, lounges in the day-student building, ats in the Hut, gets medicine at the infirmary, practices a new piano, enjoys a banquet in Morrison, turns on light in her closet, or relaxes with television. He had no nd to his plans; he knew that Queens must always be oving forward.

Dr. Jernigan left us with a vision for our college. He ade us feel important in a world of United Nations and tomic Energy Commissions. To him a liberal education would be necessary in tomorrow's world. He may have formed his opinion in his early study of Aristotle, who remarked, "All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth." Dr. Jernigan went further than this statement when he said, "I dare say that the small liberal-arts college is one of the last strongholds of free and independent thought." We think that Queens students believe that statement. If so, they cannot let their college stand still now, but will work together with faculty and administration to complete the dreams of Dr. Jernigan.

Dr. Jernigan would depend on us to go ahead without him. Just as he helped us in the first few weeks of the Bucket Brigade and then put us on our own, he has given Queens the opportunity it needs to become a great college. Because he has trained us to be speakers of words and doers of deeds, we can make his dreams of a greater Queens come true. His last message to us, five days before his death, ended with this statement, "Let's pull together, as always, to build a mighty force for good at Queens." He always had faith in us. We will not disappoint him now. If it were possible for him to charge us as we go on without him, he would likely use another illustration from the classics. This time it might be from Virgil, who tells of Sibyl's encouraging despondent Aeneas as he seeks his father when she says, *"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."*—"Yield not to adversity, but press on more bravely."

—Davy-Jo Stribling



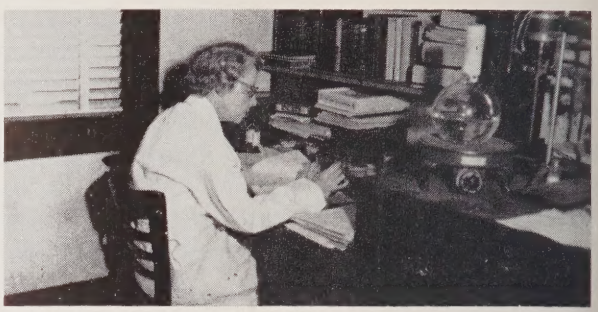
DR. McEWEN — *Chemist, Alumna, Professor, Friend*

To those students who cross Diana courtyard on Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7:45 or who are the last to leave the Den at 10:30 at night, Dr. McEwen is no stranger; for twice a week she arrives on campus early to conduct a chemistry lab for Presbyterian nursing students, and she frequently remains in her lab hard at work until 11 o'clock at night. While she was planning the inauguration of our last president (she was chairman of the inaugural committee), she entered her office at seven every morning, worked during the day between her chemistry classes, rushed home for lunch and supper, and completed her day's work at Queens at 11:30 at night. This was her schedule from September 1951 to March 1952! An ordinary person couldn't stand up under such a schedule, but Dr. McEwen is no ordinary person.

Dr. Mildred M. McEwen, known on campus as "Dr. Mac," was born August 6, 1901. (She says there's no use to try to hide your age in a town where you were born.) She has spent all of her life in Charlotte, attending First Ward and Bethune grade schools and Charlotte High School. She entered Queens College in 1918 and received her A.B. degree in English in 1922. While at Queens Dr. Mac was associate editor of the *Queens Blues* and her senior year was editor of the *Eidelweiss*, the annual.

Although Dr. Mac wasn't a chemistry major at Queens, she seemed to be predestined to become Chairman of the Division of Science at her Alma Mater. She took physics in high school to keep from taking chemistry. At Queens she took chemistry to keep from taking biology. She says, "I must have liked it because I took freshman chemistry three times just for the fun of it." She went to summer school at the University of North Carolina in 1921 to take qualitative and quantitative. Her senior year at Queens she took organic chemistry. By this time she realized that she must be a chemist; therefore, she went to Chapel Hill upon graduation from Queens and received her Master's with a major in organic chemistry and a minor in both industrial chemistry, and in bacteriology. During the summers of 1922 and 1923 she worked as a laboratory technician.

While at UNC Dr. McEwen became affiliated with the Pi Beta Phi sorority. There in the summer of 1921 she also met her husband, Joseph L. McEwen. Since he was a laboratory assistant in organic chemistry, she got to know him better while studying for her Master's degree. Dr. McEwen came back to Queens in 1924 to teach analytical chemistry (which she has never taught since), bacteriology, human anatomy, and geology. She and Mr. McEwen were married in March 1929, and Mr. McEwen came to Charlotte to work with the Southern Dye Stuffs Corporation. Mr. McEwen died suddenly in October 1941; Dr. Mac



Dr. McEwen

remained at Queens. As a memorial to her husband Southern Dye Stuffs Corporation gave the modern fre man laboratory to Queens College.

In June 1942 Dr. McEwen went back to UNC, finish up work for a Ph.D. by September 1944, and was gran the degree in 1945. Dr. Mac remained at Chapel Hill 1944-45 as research assistant in biochemistry and tau chemistry at Watts Hospital in Durham. She returned Queens in 1945 to become Chairman of the Division Science. Dr. McEwen now teaches elementary inorga chemistry, organic chemistry, inorganic chemistry, and h chemistry at Queens and a class of eighty nurses at Pres terian Hospital.

In teaching her classes Dr. McEwen, a Methodist, d not hesitate to admit that science has some of the answ but not all of the answers. Many freshmen have asked why the atom is so constructed. Dr. Mac's reply is alw the same—"Because the good Lord made it that way."

Besides teaching chemistry Dr. McEwen has found ti to write abstracts for *Excerpta Medica*, a journal publish in Amsterdam. She has also had articles published in *Journal of American Chemical Society*, the *Journal Biological Chemistry*, the *Journal of Laboratory and Cl cal Medicine*, and the *Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Sci tific Society*. She is a member of the American Chemi Society, the North Carolina Academy of Science, and Sigma Xi, an honorary research organization. She is a listed in *American Men of Science*.

Dr. McEwen, however, does not spend all of her ti with things pertaining to chemistry. She has varied terests. She is very fond of pets and at the present Polly, a parrot, which was bought in 1951, and Pearly fox terrier, who has an interesting history. Pearly arriv in the medical school via the Greensboro dog pound wh Dr. McEwen was studying for her Ph.D. Pearly beca one of the experimental dogs, but she adopted Dr. M because of her car. For a year Pearly stayed in Dr. Ma

(Continued on page 26)

EVERETT NAMED ACTING PRESIDENT

UCCEEDS DR. CHARLTON C. JERNIGAN

Mr. Everett

Filling the position vacated by the ıth of Dr. Jernigan and serving as ing president of Queens College until post can be filled permanently will Mr. H. H. Everett, Chairman of Board of Trustees. Mr. Everett, animously elected to this office by fellow members of the Board of ustees, is one of Charlotte's most ominent citizens. He has been very ive in various phases of the city's ic, social, religious, and educational , having served as president of the arlotte Chamber of Commerce and United Community Services. Mr. erett is also a former president of the ers Park Club and is an active mem- of Trinity Presbyterian Church, ere he serves as elder and chairman the building committee. In addition, is a founder of Charlotte Variety ub, an officer in the Lions Club, and d of Stewart and Everett Theaters. a result of his activities and services the community, Mr. Everett was sen Charlotte's "Man of the Year" 1952.

Under the leadership of Mr. Everett many improvements and additions Queens College begun by Dr. Jerni- will doubtless be completed, and various other plans which he formu- d will be carried out. Development faculty, administrative staff, curricu- lum, and the college's services in the community constitute the program which will remain a major goal of Queens. In addition to this plan for expansion, Mr. Everett and the Board of Trustees will continue to encourage the spirit and enthusiasm in their school which have become characteristic of Queens students within the past two years. They will do their utmost to make Queens a college which will fulfill the highest ideals of the students and faculty.

In speaking of Dr. Jernigan's administration, Mr. Everett said, "In his administration as president, Dr. Jernigan did a magnificent job in revitalizing the college. His unflagging zeal and his inspiring leadership impressed the entire community and made it conscious of the new educational role which Queens is playing in this region.

"Specifically, in a period of two years, Dr. Jernigan aroused a tremendous new faith and pride in Queens among its students, faculty members, and a host of friends of the college.

"He initiated and launched a new building program and strengthened the curriculum and the faculty. He made such a strong impact on Charlotte that men and women in all walks of life felt the contagion of his zeal and shared his enthusiasm for revitalizing the college.

"In the death of Dr. Jernigan, Queens College has suffered a great loss. By his example, we are inspired to go forward and build Queens as he would have wanted us to."

The executive committee which named Mr. Everett is composed of William H. Barnhardt, McAlister Carson, Torrence E. Hemby, Dr. James A. Jones, George W. Dowdy, James J. Harris, C. P. Street, and Mr. Everett. This same committee will serve as a committee to name a permanent president of the college, the search for whom has already begun.

—A. W.

Dr. Frazer

Dr. Frazer Dies As Result of Accident

Dr. William H. Frazer, former president of Queens College, died June 19 of injuries received in an automobile accident. This Presbyterian minister came to Charlotte as president of Queens in 1921 and remained in this position until 1939. His administration was one of progress: new buildings were erected; the school was accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools; another Presbyterian institution, Chicora College, was absorbed.

Prior to his death Dr. Frazer lived on Nations Ford Road. He had been supplying in various Presbyterian pulpits in Florida for some time and was home on vacation when the accident occurred. He is survived by two daughters, Miss Winnie Frazer and Mrs. J. B. Kuykendall, Jr., of Charlotte; a brother, J. Frank Frazer of Elba, Ala.; and two grandsons, William Henry Frazer Kuykendall and John Wells Kuydendall of Charlotte. His wife, the former Sarah Winnie Jones, died in 1943.

Dr. Frazer was born in Lafayette, Ala., on September 16, 1873. He was the son of the late John Alexander and Nancy Emiline Frazer. Receiving the A.B. degree from Southwestern Presbyterian University in 1897 and the B.D. degree from Union Theological Seminary in 1899, he was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1899. Honorary doctorates were conferred upon him by Southwestern Presbyterian, Presbyterian College, and Davidson College. He became president of Belhaven College in

(Continued on page 13)

LECTURE SERIES IS ANNOUNCED

Mr. John Holliday, chairman of the lecture-series committee, has announced the following schedule for 1953-54: Hanson Baldwin, military analyst, November 20; Doris Fleeson, newspaper columnist, November 27; Dr. Frederic Prokosch, novelist and literary critic, February 26; Dr. Gerald Wendt, nuclear physicist, March 12.

All lectures will be held during the day at noon on Fridays or Tuesdays in Ninniss, so that all students may benefit from them. There will be no concerts offered at Queens this year since a committee of faculty and students decided that Queens lectures can be more successful than concerts.

Hanson Baldwin, a prominent military analyst, who is the first attraction, is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Three years after graduation from the Naval Academy, Lt. (j.g.) Baldwin resigned from the Navy to begin a writing career. His career began with the *Baltimore Sun*, but by 1929 he had joined the *New York Times*. Since 1942 he has been military editor for the *Times*.

In over twenty-five years of reporting, Mr. Baldwin has become one of the most brilliant columnists of our time and is known for his military knowledge and accuracy. Not only is Mr. Baldwin one of the country's most respected and prolific military columnists, but also his knowledge of the critical military subjects has brought him fame in several other fields as well. His most recent book, *Great Mistakes of the War*, has appeared in shortened form in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Reader's Digest*. Articles from his pen appear often in the country's largest magazines, and special articles appear regularly in the *New York Times Magazine and Book Review*. Because of his vast knowledge of military affairs and his authoritative manner of speaking, Mr. Baldwin is frequently heard on radio discussion programs and in lecture halls.

During World War II Mr. Baldwin's work increased rapidly as he covered the battle areas in the South Pacific as well as in North Africa and England. He was present at the Normandy invasion landings aboard the cruiser *Augusta* and remained in France until the breakthrough at Saint Lo to cover the battle strategy.

Since the close of the war Mr. Baldwin has covered most of the important maneuvers held by the Army, Navy and

HANSON BALDWIN

DORIS FLEESON

Air Force, both in the United States and abroad. He has reported on the cold-weather maneuvers in Alaska and toured the military posts and installations in this vital area. He also covered the Atlantic Fleet maneuvers in the Caribbean. After watching the largest maneuver the Navy had staged in some time, he supplemented his regular columns with articles on the Panama Canal and the strategic importance of the entire Caribbean area.

Shortly after fighting broke out in Korea, Mr. Baldwin was on hand to inspect the fighting front and Naval forces operating in Korea. He included in his trip an extensive tour of the Pacific area—Japan, Indo-China, Hong Kong, and Formosa.

His most recent observation of the large military games was "Operation Mainbrace," the first naval maneuver in which all members of NATO participated. After "Operation Mainbrace," Mr. Baldwin toured Europe inspecting NATO installations and writing comprehensively on the military progress and co-operation among the member nations.

For many years Mr. Baldwin has watched closely the development of the atomic bomb. He has observed three atomic explosions and written a personal story on the first public test made in Nevada. This story is considered a classic. His vivid report described the detonation of the bomb and its repercussions "heard 'round the world." Few men are able to analyze so well from experience and with authority the military potentialities of mankind's scientific weapon as Mr. Baldwin.

Doris Fleeson, who is scheduled to speak at Queens on November 27, was born in Sterling, Kansas. She was educated at the University of Kansas and shortly after graduating became a reporter for the *New York Daily News*. She covered for that newspaper the Seabury investigations and the charges against Mayor Jimmy Walker's administration before going to Washington.

Miss Fleeson has been covering Washington for twenty years and is personally acquainted with more top rank officials in Washington circles than any other reporter in Washington. She has received many awards for outstanding journalism. Among these are the New York Newspaper Women's Prize for Distinguished Reporting and the Theta Sigma Phi Headliner Award. She is frequently heard on such radio and TV forum programs as "Meet the Press" and "America's Town Meeting of the Air." During the war she was a correspondent in Europe for the *Woman's Home Companion*, and is currently a contributor to *McCall's* and other leading magazines.

Miss Fleeson's success as America's top woman political columnist and writer is truly a story-book story. She says she owes that success to much hard work rather than to some Knight Gallant. She points out that she learned to work because she had to eat, then she worked harder so that she could go places in the world. She certainly goes places now—political conventions, presidential campaign jaunts, Europe, anywhere there are important events happening that affect the United States.

Recently Miss Fleeson wrote an article for *McCall's* magazine on "Washington's Ten Most Powerful Women," naming among these Eleanor Roosevelt, Bess Truman, Mme. Bonnet, and Margaret Chase Smith. The magazine's editor added in an introductory note that Miss Fleeson herself "has as much influence as any woman in the capital."

Miss Fleeson does not hesitate to tell you that she thinks she has one of the best jobs in the world. She does not, however, call herself a columnist rather she says that she "writes an interpretive news story in which today's events are related to yesterday's news to show tomorrow's meaning."

Miss Fleeson lives in Georgetown, Maryland, with her daughter Dorothy who is a student at Vassar College.

The other two lecturers, Dr. Prokosch and Dr. Wendt, are outstanding in their respective fields.

(Continued on page 10)

Mr. Ovens — Queens' Close Friend

Mr. David Ovens, eleven years a rustee of Queens College and General Manager of J. B. Ivey and Company, s a little man with bright eyes, a quick vit, and a place in his heart for Queens. n fact, Mr. Ovens has such a strong ove for Queens College that three years go he gave $250,000 to be spent as he college saw fit. As Queens students now, the college saw fit to build a ymnasium—the David Ovens Physical ducation Building. Last year he was xtremely interested in the planning of ne building and in the Bucket Brigade tudent pool project. (A permanent ribute to be placed in the new Ovens uilding is a bronze bust of Mr. Ovens. Ie fondly calls it the "brass picture.") Queens students can be sure that Mr. Ovens will be a frequent visitor on ampus this year as he watches the rogress of the building.

Mr. Ovens, however, is also interested in other aspects of Queens. He always interested in church endowed olleges. He says, "It is my belief that he hope of the future lies in church ndowed colleges such as Queens, hich are sending out all over the coun- y young men and women with that ne type of religious, cultural, and in- llectual training found in these in- itutions." To implement his belief he ve $600,000 to such institutions in 951.

Possibly Mr. Ovens wants to do ev- ything he can for the progress of ducation since he himself is a self- ducated man. He was born in Kings- n, Ontario, Canada, in 1872 of Irish rents. He married Miss Margaret llen of Kingston and began his busi- ess career with an all dry goods store his home town. He later went to ochester, New York, to work with bley, Lindsay and Curr, a large de- rtment store. Next he was manager several of the stores in the S. H. ress Company. In 1904 he came to harlotte and began his work with J. B. ey and Company; he assumed the sition of Vice-President and General anager of the firm in 1922.

In an interview with Mrs. Gertrude terkin, Mr. Ovens' secretary, and Mrs. ancy Snapp, his nurse for six years, me interesting lights on Mr. Ovens' rsonality were brought out. "He's the youngest person I know," said Mrs. Peterkin, "although his actual age is eighty-one. Nothing is so stimulating to him as a deep conversation developed to the fullest point. In fact, Mr. Ovens has a capacity for immediately getting to the essential elements of a subject. He likes to use the 'shock treatment' in conversation. Just let a group of people gather around him, and he will come forth with a comment that may cause a round of laughter or careful reflection on the part of his listeners."

Mr. Ovens has a phenomenal memory. He can quote reams of poetry. His library has grown continually through the years. Mrs. Snapp said his latest reading interests fall in the line of German war stories.

In the world of music Mr. Ovens' favorite is John Charles Thomas's recording of "Home on the Range." He likes opera and symphonic music. "For years president of the Charlotte Community Concert Association, he brought, on his own initiative, many world famous artists to Charlotte, among them the great Caruso."* He still brings noted artists to Blowing Rock, his summer home, "and the proceeds of the heavily attended concert and church services in which they appear are given to the Blowing Rock Hospital and the Grandfather Home Orphanage."*

Even with all his activities, Mr. Ovens is "famed as a host by all who have been privileged to enjoy the hospitality of his home in Charlotte, and of Pineacres, his spacious summer place in Blowing Rock; and this includes practically everyone he knows."* Contrary to what one would believe, Mr. Ovens' food favorites are very simple. Breakfast is his favorite meal; he likes especially boiled eggs and oatmeal.

Mr. Ovens has had many honors bestowed upon him. He collects them just as "naturally as a small boy would collect marbles."* "All the while he has never ceased exerting a profound influence in every sphere of activity of which he has been a part—and they are many—as well as in the lives which have touched his."*

Among the honors he has received are the following: He has been president of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, the Charlotte Merchants Association, the North Carolina State Merchants Association, the National Retail Dry Goods Association; and ever since the founding of the Good Fellows Club in Charlotte, he has headed it. He was awarded the Sullivan Award by Queens College in 1949 and by Davidson College in 1951. He was recently elected honorary member of the Duke University National Council. He was elected Charlotte's Man of the Year for 1950, later to the Hall of Fame for the Living, and Man of the South for 1951. He is on the Board of Elders and teacher of the Men's Bible Class of the Myers Park Presbyterian Church. Mr. Ovens is renowned as a speaker and has spoken in many colleges and universities in America and also at Oxford University, England, and the University Club in Paris. The list, however, is not exhausted with this proof of his outstanding work as a citizen, merchant, and layman.

Mr. Ovens

In the summer, 1952, issue of *Dixie Business* it was written of Mr. Ovens that he was not listed in *Who's Who*, but that he would be remembered long after by some who were. Queens students will always remember him, however, as the kind little man who is their friend and who thought enough of their institution to give a building in which they will build their bodies as well as their minds.

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*Peterkin, Gertrude. "David Ovens: Man of the South for 1951." *Dixie Business*, Vol. 24, No. 1. pp. 17-18.

—M. R. B.

I Remember Apsley House

Rena C. Harrell

Before I saw the living floral decorations and the colorful banners at Hammersmith Hall (center of a division of London) an Englishman, returning from a Scotch fishing trip, said at our first airport terminal: "Oh, the Coronation is BIG." The fisherman-on-holiday told the truth, and I'll guarantee that though the marvelous, colorful decorations are down, London is not "back together again" and won't be for some time.

The street decorations on Piccadilly, Regent Street, Oxford—indeed everywhere—were glittering, yet dignified; splendid, colorful, yet conservative. Eros, the familiar statue at Piccadilly Circus, was enclosed in a gilded aluminum cage for safety reasons; yet he did not appear to be imprisoned. Four fabulous blue-and-gold metal arches, supporting a crown topped by a lion and a unicorn holding the Royal cipher, ranged down the Mall to Buckingham Palace. Brilliant with lights at night, these arches were hardly less astonishing by day. Even the Tudor roses on Piccadilly lighted up at night. From a height of many stories banners—blue and gold, red and gold, white and gold—streamed to quicken the pulse of even an ordinary tourist. Decorations affixed to posts were rivalled by great masses of floral display, which were either flown in by Colonial representatives or gathered locally. Marshall and Snelgrove, one of the larger stores, featured a huge concentration of blue hydrangea, delphinium, and orange-colored spears. Selfridge's depicted, at the second-story level, not only the amazing contrast between the life and customs of the two Elizabeths, but also a wonderful plaster model of the Queen on her horse, "Winston." Liberty's used every window (street level) to show figures correctly costumed in rich brocade from the twelfth century to the present time. Everywhere one looked flowers, symbolic decorations, large, colored portraits of the Queen and of the Duke of Edinburgh and of the Royal children made of London a veritable fairyland—peopled (regrettably) by crowds of very real human beings, not by thin fairies. Various church altars and fonts had Coronation decorations also. The old church at Broadway, dating from the time of Alfred the Great, had the Royal cipher worked out in colored flowers.

Miss Harrell

A continuous night-and-day, pre-Coronation transport did not seem to lessen the congregation of traffic anywhere. Queues for busses were just as long (incidentally, until after the Coronation getting on a bus was impossible) and the scramble in tube-way "tunnels" just as hectic as though no trains were running.

I made no attempt to sleep the night of June the first. By 2:30 A.M., wearing a raincoat for which I blessed my sister, I was on my way in a bitterly cold downpour of rain to Kilburn Station. By 5 A.M. I was in my seat, under shelter, since I had the good fortune to meet with a Colonial official and his daughter who also held yellow (Hyde Park Corner) tickets. In exchange for $75.00 and "upwards" Thomas Cook took good care of its American and Canadian patrons at Apsley House. The B.B.C. also furnished *divertissements* from 9 o'clock and gave, in its entirety, the splendid Abbey service, with its incredibly beautiful music. We saw, the better with field glasses, all the colorful marching in uniform of soldiers and Colonials, three times over, as the divisions paraded to their positions for the final procession—seven miles in length.

Any mention of the Coronation which did not accent the tremendous lift of spirit and feeling which the English people have experienced during this recent season would hardly be worth reading. Their pride in the re-establishment of the Crown and in England is something that has to be observed and sensed to be appreciated. Constantly there appeared in print such sentences as this: "We all may share in the youth in the beauty, and the heritage of our Queen." Speak to a friend of an Englishman's consciousness of national pride and the reply you'll draw will be, "It is our heritage." The fine thing is that this love for England imparts an enviable self-esteem (not tinged with egotism at all) that dignifies a man's attitude towards himself and his job.

I did not see the array of gallant ships at Spithead when the Queen reviewed a third of her fleet on Saturday June 13. But I saw Margot Fontaine dance as Queen of the Air in the ballet "Salute to the Queen" at Covent Garden Opera House. (The dancers' skirts were of "Tudor" roses in the part entitled "Queen of the Earth."

(Continued on page 20)

Wedgwood China

★

40 PATTERNS TO CHOOSE FROM

★

VAN NESS

215 North Tryon Street

Ten New Members On Faculty

Ten new members have been added to the college faculty this year. They are: Dr. Caroline MacBrayer, visiting associate professor of psychology; Mrs. W. P. Cumming, visiting associate professor of English; Miss Minnie Rob Phaup, associate professor of psychology; Miss Nancy Maples, instructor in physical education; Lawrence R. Nichols, assistant professor of history; Edward Olechovsky, instructor in classics; William H. Anderson, assistant professor of business administration; Raiford M. Porter, instructor in art; J. Russel Boner, associate professor in business administration; and Melvin L. Sipe, Jr., instructor in music.

Dr. MacBrayer, of Mooresville, who received her Ph.D. degree from the University of North Carolina, has been a member of the faculty of that institution, of Sophie Newcomb College, of the College of Charleston, S. C., and of the School of Nursing of the Lawrance Hospital, Mooresville. She is a member of the American Psychological Association, the North Carolina Psychological Association, and Sigma Xi.

Mrs. Cumming, of Davidson, has been a member of the English faculty of Smith College, a tutor for the English department and a teacher of a remedial course in conjunction with the department of psychology at Davidson College, an instructor in English at the Nursing Training School, Boston, and a teacher of creative writing to children at Gay Valley Camp, Brevard. She has delivered many lectures to college groups, teachers' associations, and women's clubs in this section of the Carolinas. Mrs. Cumming received her A.B. degree with highest honors from Smith College. She also holds the A.B. degree and the M.A. degree from Oxford University, England. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Also a member of Phi Beta Kappa is Miss Phaup, who received her A.B. degree with honors from the College of William and Mary and the M.A. degree from the University of Chicago. She has been a teacher of English in the high schools of Richmond, Va., the Y.W.C.A. secretary at the University of Cincinnati, associate professor of psychology at Converse College, Spartanburg, and assistant professor of psychology at Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

ANDERSON
MACBRAYER
OLECHOVSKY

BONER
MAPLES
PORTER

CUMMING
NICHOLS
SIPE

A resident of Rocky Mount, Miss Maples was graduated from Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in 1952. She has been teaching at Stuart Hall, Staunton, Va., for the past year.

The doctor's degree will be awarded to Mr. Nichols at the next commencement at Duke University. He completed the work for that degree this summer. He holds the A.B. degree from Wake Forest College and M.A. from Duke. He has taught history at both institutions and was the first student to hold during 1951-1952 the Varela Fellowship for research study in Cuba, the British Islands, France, and Belgium.

Mr. Olechovsky holds the A.B. degree from Grove City College, Grove City, Pa., and the M.A. degree from Florida State University, where he served as graduate assistant in the classics department. During World War II he served for four years in France, Germany, Italy, and England as a member of the armed forces. He will teach courses in Greek, Latin, and the classics in translation which are new in the curriculum this year.

(Continued on page 16

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ST. JOHN STUDIO

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Queens Represented In Europe

A faculty member and two students from Queens had the opportunity this past summer to travel in Europe and to enrich their knowledge of foreign peoples and lands. Miss Eloise Rankin was one of twenty-two on the Boyt-Brown Tour II from June 11 through July 27. Jackie Johnson and Sylvia Turner were from June 19 through August 15 with a group of twenty-eight college students on a Brownell tour conducted by Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Lyons of Chapel Hill.

To inquiries made of these three travelers, Jackie and Sylvia said about the English people, "They are slow, deliberate, and very 'proper.' Towards Americans they are friendly, except for a slight minority who look down their noses at us." Miss Rankin and the two girls noticed that many of the decorations used in the Coronation were still up. Food was not good. Sylvia said that not enough salt was cooked in the food to suit her taste. Moreover, there were *no* iced drinks!

Scotland struck the three travelers as a beautiful, quaint country. The Scots they said are lovely people, but typically "tight."

Shopping in Paris was a thrill. But everything was terribly expensive—"Except for perfume," added Jackie. The French people do not like us. They gave the impression of harboring jealousy for what we have and they lack. There were many signs on walls saying "U.S.–GO HOME."

The girls and Miss Rankin's tours both included visiting some French cathedrals. Miss Rankin said, "Notre Dame and Sainte-Chapelle were the two most impressive buildings we visited in Paris."

The tours did not go into the area near the border line between east and west Germany. The Germans in the part of the country they did enter were friendly. Jackie said, "I felt very sorry for them because of their beaten attitude and torn-up cities."

The Dutch seemed to be the friendliest people the travelers met on their tour. Sylvia said, "They are honest, hard-working, and rather slow. We saw some flood damage, but they have rebuilt most of the devastated areas. The countryside was beautiful—so many colors and grass was so green."

Holland and Switzerland seemed to be the cleanest countries they went through. The Swiss people, also, were very friendly. The travelers, of course, saw the Alps. Miss Rankin was asked if the Alps were as pretty as she had anticipated. She answered, "The Alpine Motor Tour to the Rhone Glacier and the picturesque villages of Interlaken and Lucerne was beyond my expectation!"

Both tours included the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel in Rome. Miss Rankin said she wished for months to spend in Italy because it is so rich in history and art. And Jackie was glad of the chance to see some of the art she had studied in fine arts. "The Lord's Supper" and "Mona Lisa" are two magnificent masterpieces the travelers especially remember.

The travelers said they did not hear many comments about Russia and Korea. They think, however, that there are some evidences of Communism in France and Italy. As for Europeans' attitude towards the United Nations, they wish just as we do that it could be made to work more successfully.

When asked if we should continue to send supplies to Europe, Jackie's response was, "Yes, there are thousands still hungry and in need of all that we can supply." Sylvia said, "To some countries, yes. But to France, no."

None of the three travelers saw the Statue of Liberty on their return trip, but just seeing American soil and New York skyscrapers in the background was to them a wonderful welcome home.

—M. R. B.

LECTURES ANNOUNCED

(Continued from page 6)

Dr. Frederic Prokosch, an internationally famous American novelist, poet, and lecturer, is now lecturing abroad on a Fulbright Fellowship. He returns this year with a vital message and challenge to intellectual America.

Dr. Prokosch is the author of nine novels and four books of poetry; winner of the Guggenheim and Fulbright Fellowships and a Harper Prize Novel Award, as well as the Harriet Monroe prize for poetry. His books have been translated into fourteen languages.

Frederic Prokosch is a young, sensitive, magnetic speaker whose message is of personal, vital, and dramatic significance to every man or woman who feels that his own creative talent has been throttled.

Dr. Gerald Wendt, "America's Foremost Spokesman for Science," was the first American to attempt to disintegrate the atom. As a scientist himself Dr. Wendt is highly esteemed by leaders in all scientific fields; thus he is given access to laboratories and information not available to others. Dr. Wendt translates the technical data he gathers on the scientific frontiers in laboratories into everyday language for the layman.

"The birthplace of the future is in the research laboratories of America," Dr. Wendt says. From his first-hand knowledge of research in progress Dr. Wendt can foretell the exciting developments and the effect on us, our homes, our habits, our life, and our business conditions. His sane appraisal of the world's future brings an uplifting message of hope based on complete knowledge of his subject.

—M. C.

Imagism

Grace Hager

A racing darkness—
quickly comes,
quickly goes.

Its shading values
leap by rows,
gliding, flows;

In a dimming dress—
edgeward glows,
onward tows

Down earthly avenues
westward mows,
eastward goes

Swiftly prancing, oh so proud.
Just the shadow of a cloud.

DEFINITION

Audrey Montgomery

Love—a passion, bold, fierce?
A sigh, plaintive, sad?
A thrill, reckless, wild?
A fancy, passing, fleet?
A reverence, lasting, pure!

ORGANIZATIONS PLAN FOR ANOTHER YEAR

Changes in constitutions, a switch o the latest accepted methods of or-ganization procedures, and some lessons aught by experience are only a few f the improvements to be made in lans of various campus organizations his year.

Doris Searcy, president of the Queens Christian Association, states that this rganization is looking forward to an-ther meaningful and successful year o add to those of the past. The purpose f Q.C.A. is one that is an essential art of a Christian campus such as Queens; thus this group, of which every Queens student is a member, stands mong the top six. Considerable em-hasis will again be placed on these urposes:

To lead students to faith in God through Jesus Christ.

To lead them into membership and service in the Christian church.

To promote spiritual growth, espe-cially through daily Bible read-ing and prayer.

To influence students to devote themselves in united effort with other Christians to extend the Kingdom of God throughout the world.

Another thing which the Q.C.A. binet and committee members will ncentrate on doing this year is to romote more use of the Hut as a ayer room and also to increase its se through Friday night fellowship, turday evening get-togethers at the ill, and more Sunday night fellowship which day students, faculty, and so-rities will be invited alphabetically.

Something new has been added in e way of a name for the Prayer Meet-g Committee——it will now be known the Spiritual Life Committee.

Various students in years past have nducted Sunday School classes each nday morning at the Mecklenburg uberculosis Sanatorium near Char-te. This year the Queens Christian ssociation plans to organize this group students and to furnish their trans-rtation there and back.

Biannual outings are being scheduled Camp Stewart. They will occur dur-g the fall and spring, at which times Queens students will find fun and fel-lowship in an enjoyable supper fol-lowed by twilight vespers by the lake.

Q.C.A.'s final new idea to go into effect this year is Friendship Week, the aim of which will be to improve student relations.

No definite new plans have been made, according to Recreation Associa-tion's president, Dottie Saunders. The reason for this is the construction of the David Ovens Physical Education Building on the space formerly used for a tennis court. "The plans for R.A. this year," says Dottie, "will probably be made just on the spur of the moment."

This year's head of Panhellenic Coun-cil, Betty Neale, has announced that rushing will take place during the week of October 4-9 and that the 19th of November has been set as the date for the Panhell workshop. There will be an open house on a Sunday afternoon at the beginning of school in order that the freshmen may visit the sorority houses. As usual, Panhellenic Council will sponsor the spring dance, a pro-gressive dinner for the faculty, and the activities leading up to the Boar's Head Dinner, which will probably include a sing in Burwell, caroling around the campus, and a short worship program in Belk Chapel. However, dates for these events have not been set.

The Panhellenic study hall will differ somewhat from that of previous years. This study hall is held by Panhell for the sorority pledges as a means of em-phasizing scholarship. This project is evidence of the fact that the sororities are not only interested in social activi-ties but also in good grades. This year each sorority will conduct study hall for its own pledges, thus doing away with the usual one large study hall composed of pledges from the five sororities.

Friday night get-togethers about once a month are another new project to be tried by Panhell. The sororities will take turns and serve as hostesses at these get-togethers.

Panhellenic Council will again act as a judiciary board when any rules concerning the sororities are broken dur ing rush week.

—M. L. B.

Alumnae Renovate Infirmary

During the summer the infirmary was repainted and redecorated by the mem-bers of the Charlotte and Winston-Salem alumnae chapters. Most of the work on this much-needed campus im-provement was done by members of the Charlotte chapter and their hus bands; however, the Winston-Salem chapter helped with finances. In the above picture, H. Watson Stewart; Mrs. Rosalie Dyer Henderson, planner of the renovation; Mrs. Stewart, president of the Charlotte chapter; and Mrs. B. D. Rogers contribute of their time and ef-fort to the project.

STAFF LOSES MEMBERS

During the summer the staff of *The Blue Quill* suffered the loss of five staff members. They were Audrey Montgom-ery, literary editor; Carol Stockner, poetry editor; Sarah Kuniansky, photog-raphy editor; Marjorie Moeschler and Carolyn Moffat, reporters. Their duties ceased with the completion of this issue. The following have been appointed to take over the duties of the vacated po sitions: Mary Bradley, literary editor; Kathryn Rogers, poetry editor; Anne Flowe, photography editor; and Irene Williams, reporter. Amanda Adams will assume the position of book-review edi-tor which was vacated by Mary Bradley.

QUEENS FRESHMAN STUDIES IN MEXICO

MATILDA SELDON, *Centennial Class*

(Seizing an opportunity to tour and to study in Mexico last summer with a student group, Matilda Seldon and her twin sister, Mary, spent several weeks "south of the border." Matilda was asked to write her impressions of Mexico for *The Blue Quill* so that Queens students might have an opportunity to secure first-hand information of that country and people.)

In his treatise on education John Milton stated that the student should travel not to learn principles but to enlarge experience and to deserve the regard and honor of all men. His advice is more applicable to our day than to the time it was written. The student who travels in other countries will quickly agree with Mr. Milton, or such was the case with the students on our tour for study in Mexico last summer.

Before we left the United States, we knew practically nothing of Mexico and less of the language. We even had to be told how to say "thank you"! We found conditions in Mexico very different from those of the United States, a fact which this article should bear out. When our student group reached the Mexican border, we saw our first example of the phrase we had so often heard, "Money talks." It was a hot day; and when we started collecting money for our tip, the customs officer checked only two bags of the twenty-one! Mexicans are most pleased to receive American money.

We drove through much hot desert area before we came to a small town where we spent our first night in Mexico, Savinas Hidalgo. There were no lights in the private homes, and we believed them to be quite native. In the morning our belief was confirmed, for in the sunlight we saw they were made from sugar cane stalks with thatched banana leaf roofs.

From our observation there seems to be two ways for the Indians to do laundry in their villages. They have community wash tubs, which take the place of a central plaza; or if there is a nearby creek, they'll wash their clothes in it. In either case the clothes are laid out to dry on fences, bushes, or the ground. The creeks are also used for bathtubs, watering troughs, and drinking water. Very few of the native children wear clothing. When they do, it is a shirt rather than pants. All Mexican women have [illegible] which they use to keep warm, to keep dry, and to carry their market goods and their babies in.

We saw our first market place at Monterey. Everything from pulque, which is a liquor extracted from the maguey cactus, to jewelry and food is sold there. The stores, which have no windows, are open to the street. At night steel doors are pulled down over the open walls.

Transportation in Mexico is quite different from that of the United States. There are no stop signs and very few stop lights. Even in the large cities everyone expects the road to be clear for him when he comes to an intersection. The motors of cars, busses, and trucks are ruined by the hills they are forced to climb; therefore, they sound like Diesel engines. The natives who do not have cars use their feet. It is a very common sight to see little children and women carrying large bags of goods on their backs and balancing food baskets on their heads. The men carry a stack of five or six chairs, or a chest of drawers, on their backs with only a strap around their heads to help in supporting the load. These typical natives are seen anywhere in the mountains or in Mexico City.

The first observation we made of Mexico City was that there is a monument on every block, either to some race, or hero or group of heroes. When Mexicans give directions, they use these monuments for landmarks. On Sundays the monuments make good picnic tables and benches; when it rains, the children hide in the depths of the horses' legs or serpents' mouths! (Since we were there during the rainy season, we had a one-hour shower every afternoon around four o'clock.) One of the most famous of these monuments is the Monument of the Independence. It is located in the beautiful Chapultepec Park, which all tourists visit. The Fountain of the Frogs, which is also there, is a copy of the fountain in a park in Sevilla. In the height of the park is the Castle which was once used by the President of the Republic as his residence, but today it is an historical museum. Like American parks, Chapultepec has a botanical garden, a zoological park, and a place of recreation for children. Chapultepec Park is one of the favorite places to go for family outings and for boat rides within Mexico City.

When a Mexican girl has a date, some member of the family goes alon as a chaperone! If the couple do n go to Chapultepec, they usually go t Zochimilco, a group of canals famou for their floating gardens. The boa are decorated with flowers, and the all have different Spanish names. A the boats are paddled through the c nals, vendors' canoes filled with orchi corsages for one peso (11c), food an drinks, travelling bands, serapes, an souvenirs approach for sales. There also a dance hall at Zochimilco, whe one can always attempt the Mexica mambos and various other steps.

The Mexican dances have mo rhythm than those of the United State and the costumes worn by native da cers are quite colorful. At one of th fiestas held during school, dancers d all of the state dances. To conclud the fiesta, they did the national dan which is familiar to most of us as th Mexican Hat Dance; however, it done differently in the States from th way it is done in Mexico.

Mexicans take great delight in ser nading their friends. The last nig we were to be there, some Mexica friends of the group gave us a serena from twelve until two in the mornin Their singing attracted the attention everyone in the courts; so we finally went to the recreation room, the bo continuing to sing, the guests listenin and many cameras flashing!

Architecture is very modern in Me ico, and in many respects it surpass that in the States. The apartment an government buildings are extreme modern. On each floor there are wi overhanging cement ledges that blo the sun rays from the floor beneat Many of the rooms are left open to th outside, especially dining rooms. In th cities, high stone walls with entran gates surround the homes as in th early days of the Spaniards, but in th small towns and the country the hom are left open. The painting of Die Rivera, Mexico's most renowned arti are in the more important building such as the National Palace, Corte Palace in Quernavaca, and the ne University City buildings.

While in Acapulco we became a customed not only to eating in open-a dining rooms, but also to the Mexica food. (We had been in Mexico son time before going to Acapulco, but w were always served American food our courts.) One of the main cours

s frioles, which are beans. These are served three times a day, sometimes plain, and sometimes with tortillas. Tortillas are also served at every meal with an egg on top, with filling or sometimes plain. The Mexican fruits are very good. Children eat papaya and mangos, just as oranges are eaten in the States. Mexican food is quite hot; and if one isn't accustomed to it, he may even have tears rolling down his cheeks as he eats! For those who want their food even hotter, various kinds of chili sauces are available. A small drink of wine is offered before the meal; the beverages are always served after the meal. Coffee is the usual after-dinner beverage; moreover, it is made so strong that it is served with three-fourths cup of milk to one-fourth cup of coffee!

Acapulco has beautiful beaches, scenery, and sunsets. The sunsets are difficult to describe, but there were always palm trees and sailboats silhouetted against the sinking golden-red sun. The beaches have all the accommodations of the American beaches. Besides swimming there are surf-board riding, water-skiing, speedboat racing, and sunbathing. Hammocks are for rent for those who prefer to rest in the shade. These are of the type of hammocks in which the natives sleep every night.

Besides visiting the above places, our tour visited the Pyramids of Teotihuacan, the Cathedral of Mexico, the National Palace, the Old Aztec Ruins, and Indian markets, the bullfights, Taxco, and the volcano Popocatepetl.

American students should take every opportunity possible to travel in Mexico so that they may have a better understanding of the country, the language, and the people. Such understanding would result in a better relationship between the people of the United States and those who live "south of the border." At least I can say "thank you" in Mexican now!

STUDENT POLIO VICTIM

As all of the Queens students know, Margaret FormyDuval, the elected president of Morrison dormitory, suffered an attack of polio this summer and was unable to return to Queen this fall. Each student is thinking of Margaret, whose greatest enjoyment comes from reading the mail from her friends. Here is her address:

Miss Margaret FormyDuval
Central Carolina Convalescent Hospital
Greensboro, North Carolina

CHARLOTTE OFFERS CULTURAL PROGRAMS TO STUDENTS

During the 1953-54 season tickets for concerts and plays presented by the Community Concert Association, the Charlotte Symphony, the Charlotte Opera Association, and the Little Theater are available to students. Davidson and Winthrop colleges and Johnson C. Smith University also invite Queens students to attend their concert-lecture series. The Mint Museum exhibits and concerts are held without charge to the public. The schedules for which tickets are required are as follows:

Community Concert Association

Oct. 30—Wilma Lipp, soprano
Nov. 20—Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo
Jan. 13—The Companions of Song
Feb. 28—Jorge Bolet, pianist
April 8—The New York Philharmonic Orchestra

Charlotte Symphony

Oct. 26, 27—Eileen Farrell, singer
Nov. 30, Dec. 1—Gina Bacheuer, pianist
Jan. 11, 13—Alsrepo Campoli, violinist
Feb. 15, 16—William Kincaid, Philharmonic Orchestra
Mar. 15, 16—All orchestra program: James Weber, Lindsay Merrill, violinists; Fred Mende, trumpet.

Charlotte Opera Association

Sept. 21, 22—Carmen
Dec. 8, 9—Taming of the Shrew
Feb. 22, 23—The Merry Widow
May 10, 11—La Boheme

The Charlotte Opera Association and the Charlotte Symphony present their concerts in the auditorium of Piedmont Junior High School; the Community Concerts are held in the Armory Auditorium.

Every Sunday afternoon the Mint Museum presents either a concert or an art lecture. The public may attend the art galleries on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. They are open every Thursday from 2:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M.; and every Sunday from 3:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. The Museum is not open on Monday.

The concert-lecture series presented by Davidson and Winthrop colleges are as follows:

Davidson

Oct. 14—Claude Rains, actor
Nov. 13—James Wolfe, pianist
Dec. 1—Charles Laughton, actor
Dec. 16—Jan Peerce, tenor
Feb. 13—Isaac Stern, violinist
Feb. 24—Euzkadi, Rasque Troupe
March 31—Carl Sandburg, poet
April 30—Irene Jordan, soprano
May 10—Hubert Alyea, atomic scientist

Winthrop

Sept. 29—Joyce Cary, English novelist
Oct. 22—Agnes de Mille Dance Group
Oct. 27—John Carradine, actor
Nov. 10—Dr. Louis Hacker, historian and economist
Nov. 23—Wagner Opera Company, *Il Trovatore*
Jan. 12—Luboshutz and Nemenoff, duo-pianists
Jan. 26—Miss Mitgilia Peterson, critic
Feb. 16—William Laurence, scientist
Mar. 9—Dr. Henry Hart, author
Mar. 10—Roberta Peters, soprano
Mar. 25—Gershwin Concert Orchestra
Mar. 30—Bathie Stuart, pictures
Date not fixed—Carolinas Night

The following plays to be presented by the Little Theater of Charlotte are definitely scheduled for the 1953-54 season:

"Mr. Roberts"
"Affairs of State"
"The Moon is Blue"
"Bell, Book, and Candle"

These are four out of six; the others have not been determined as yet. The schedule will be completed later.

—K. R.

DR. FRAZER

(Continued from page 5)

Jackson, Miss., in 1917 and served there until coming to Queens in 1921.

While he was president of Queens, Dr. Frazer supplied at Sugaw Creek Presbyterian Church and was pastor of Mallard Creek Church. After his retirement at Queens he served at Pineville, Banks, and Six Mile Presbyterian Churches for several years. An author of several books, Dr. Frazer was a lecturer, a Mason, a Shriner, a member of the Kiwanis Club, and a member of the Covenant Presbyterian Church.

—B. C.

A Trip To The Harem

DAVY-JO STRIBLING

I am one of four in a suite; my roommate sent me out of the room so that she could type and I could study elsewhere. I decided to do my studying in the library. I fought my way across West courtyard through neighborhood dogs and children, and I finally reached the steps of Burwell. I immediately began to tiptoe so that my footsteps could not be heard. I have repeatedly suggested to the President that we be required to wear either ballet shoes or crepe soles to reduce the racket in Burwell. As I walked through the main parlor, I almost tripped over a dead-looking canine called "Sorrow." He only rolled his sleepy eyes at me.

On the piano in East Parlor I noticed a three-foot sign which read, "The strings have been removed from this instrument so that the piano playing will not disturb those studying. If students persist in playing in the afternoons, the keyboard shall be removed." I was quite pleased over this improvement because I had suggested this action to the Dean. I was also pleased to find a large yellow sign by the bulletin board below the library. It stated, "Quiet. No Talking. Studying Zone."

I took the escalator to the library. (We are fortunate in having this machine installed to cut down on the noise of stairs.) As we have been instructed, I removed my shoes and placed them in a box which was stamped with my library number. I tiptoed into the library on the six-inch cushioned rug. I found a vacant overstuffed chair and placed my notebook on the table, which was covered with sound-proof padding. I went to the librarian's desk and with my eyebrows, eyes, and hands asked for a certai volume. (We are not allowed to open our mouths in th library!) In the same manner the worker told me that m requested volume was most rare since it was printed i 1900. This meant that it was almost fifty-three years old She gave me a pair of elbow-length gloves, put a sanitar mask on my face, and took me to her private office, wher valuable volumes are kept in a vault. Using her own pe sonal goose-feather pillow, she held the book six feet i front of me so that I could see only its color.

Back in the library I asked for a magazine which needed, but I was told that the college did not subscribe t it because the publisher's wife wore a two-piece bathin suit once. I started to go into the periodical room, but m entrance was blocked by an armed guard who demande my identification card. I had left it in my room; so I ha to be content to find information in the stacks. Many o the books on the shelves had red flags sticking out of th pages. These volumes had been glued shut for fear tha students might damage the books. The red flags indicate that the books were to be looked at only long enough t read the titles; they were not to be removed from the shel I finally found a book which sported no red flag but whic did contain a huge orange sticker which stated, "This boo can be read only fifteen minutes at a time because of de mand for it." While I was reading this volume, I wa unable really to concentrate for my neighbors' studyin

(Continued on page 17)

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HOLIDAY HOPS WITH HECTOR

While that nincompoop of an editor is away mimeographing "The Coronation," I'll just sit up here on her typewriter and tell you some interesting things which took place last summer. I had a terrible time trying to find somewhere to stay during the summer. Looks like nobody wants me; however, I soon persuaded "Happy" that he could slip me in his home. Once I get my ears in the door I stay; so there I lived on Queens Road. Mary doesn't know I stayed because she didn't see me—she was away caravaning. (Help! I caught my ear in this no-count typewriter.) Anyhow, "Happy" and I spent the day on campus every day this summer. "Happy" couldn't sleep in Burwell with the hammering; so he left and refused to return until the painting was begun. I really think the reason he left was that Miss Albright wasn't here to pet him.

Summer school was the biggest yet and the most wonderful. I missed some familiar faces, such as Miss Rankin's and Miss Tillett's. Miss Rankin was off campus, touring in Europe, and Miss Tillett spent her three months at Lake Junaluska; she also did some work for the North Carolina English Teachers' Association. Dr. Chewning took care of the English O.K., but toward the first of August he didn't seem to have his mind on the books. I found out why when he proudly handed Mr. Holliday a cigar. Mr. Holliday unwrapped it; and when he dropped the wrapper I looked at it and read, "It's a boy!" Dr. Chewning exclaimed, "His name's Larry III." Mr. Holliday beamed back that he now had a Queens quartet of his own. The youngest member doesn't seem to be on key yet, however.

I slipped into some of the classes by hitching rides with students, and I really heard some boners. Dr. Green fascinates me by the way he presents history. He told his American history group that they must remember the 30's as the period of the WPA's, the PWA's, the CCC's, the XYZ's, and the BVD's. I looked all over Laird's book, but couldn't find out what BVD's were! Mr. Hoyle almost created hysteria when he entered his algebra class wearing shoes which did not match. He says he may try it again some time and start a fad.

When it got so hot, I slipped up to the library on Joe's broom and sat in front of the big window fans. (I like the library, especially the potted plants. Miss Harrell nearly had a fit when I nibbled two leaves of an African violet. I like the American variety better, though.) I overheard Mrs. Baker tell a student that there are some right good books in the library if one has time to read them. I agree with her. A new book's coming out this month called "Private Life of a Carrot." I wonder if they'll get it here. Things were pretty dull while Miss Harrell went to the Coronation. (I would have gone with her, but she refused to go to France, and I wanted to see a French poodle.) A salesman came one day soon after she got back, and she directed him to where Dr. Chewning was studying. Dr. Chewning had gone for a coke, but Miss Harrell pointed to his empty chair just the same and declared, "There he is, right there!"

I had to hop around to see the gym every day. I kept running into Grace Hager, who seemed to have things under control. I can hardly wait to try out the pool—I'm going to learn to back-stroke with my ears! One day on back campus David Street grabbed me by one ear and pulled with all his might. I thought the end had come, but he dropped me and ran to meet his daddy, who waved at him across campus. As I passed Miss Taylor's office, I heard her tell a student how to be a successful baby-sitter. The student in turn was telling Miss Taylor how to boil eggs without ruining the pot. Dr. McEwen, in the meantime, was wondering how to get paint off her dog, Pearly. Dr. Mac was having her house painted, and Pearly lay down on the back steps in fresh paint!

I didn't have much trouble keeping up with student news during the summer because Gloria, Beth, Sally, and the two Pats kept me informed. They all stayed in a home where there were three bachelors. The bachelors' only interest was bridge! I heard through the girls' conversation that Betty Cross worked with parks during the summer, and by reading to the children she has become an authority on "Uncle Wiggily." Now that really is a good book. They also knew that Carolina Love, Mary Bradley, and Anne Flowe put in forty good hours a week in downtown offices while Ruth Nicholaus and Flo Pearson spent their summer in Chapel Hill. Margaret Smith wrote that she was becoming expert in retailing. Carol Stockner spent her summer in Winston-Salem, and Eloise Gettys vacationed for three months in Texas. Melinda Brown wrote that her job took up all of her time. The girls kept getting cards from friends everywhere. I heard them tell Dean Sweet that "Purple" Irwin was on the Potomac, that Sylvia and Lib were fascinated with Yellowstone, that two day students had taken over the Piedmont Hotel in Waynesville, and that there were enough queens at Montreat to have class meetings. This was true of Boone also, where Miss Eagle was one of the group. Barbara Edwards spent her summer at Tuxedo as a counselor; and, of course, everybody talked about Sylvia and Jackie in Europe. Dean Sweet was thrilled over the publicity the girls were giving everywhere, but he pined for the noise and excitement of all of them back on campus again. As soon as summer school was over, everybody left campus—faculty included. Dr. Wetzler headed for Florida, and Miss Miscally went to Washington. Lot of the faculty seemed to be keyed up over going to "Seaview." Wonder if you have to have a S.P. to go there?

(Continued on next page)

The girls on campus even heard from some of the freshmen. They spent their summer working, too, or Bestelle Powell and Darien George did. Margaret Wright was put through the mill as a pioneer counselor, and Matilda Seldon studied in Mexico during the summer. The day student freshmen really got to know each other before school opened by attending get-togethers at Mrs. Good's and Miss Albright's. From my observation I agree with what I overheard a student read in a letter—this is the most promising freshman class ever.

I'm right proud of the students here. The shock of July 22 was enough to knock anybody in the dust for good, but "these kids" that the prexy loved so much are carrying on. I slipped in to see him at the hospital in the huge arrangement of red carnations the student body sent him. He told a doctor how proud he was of the college. He spoke of Mrs. Flintom's garden committee which is beautifying the campus, of the enthusiasm of the alumnae in Charlotte and the South, and of the renovation and redecoration which were taking place. I didn't hear any plans for the future, with the exception of new pianos for the music department and possibly a new rug for the day student building. My ears hung pretty low the last week in July until I heard Miss Miscally tell Mr. Storey that the students and faculty were determined to accomplish his dreams for Queens. I bet they'll do it, too—once they "get on the ball."

You know, I like "Mr. Heck," the acting prexy. He hasn't shaken my paw yet, but I know him. He let me in the committee meeting in August when they were discussing a new president. (I say he let me in—I slipped in and, of course, he couldn't see me.) Anyhow, I found out that the students have a candidate for the job. Some of the girls even got up enough nerve to write the Board of their idea. I don't know who the candidate is or who wrote the Board because Mr. Dowdy wadded me up in a piece of paper and threw me in a trash basket. (He didn't do it on purpose because he couldn't see me. There's a disadvantage in being invisible. Maybe if I were like those new goldfish in Diana, I could attract more attention. I hope the girls won't overfeed them, as I find out secrets from them.)

While I was looking for some paper to type this last paragraph on, I found this poem in the mess on the editor's desk. I have a guilty feeling. I hope it doesn't appear in the *Quill*, and I don't believe it will because her poetry's not that good.

At Queens there's a little rabbit.
To tell secrets is his habit.
He can't be seen
By any Queens "queen,"
But news—he really can blabbit!

Whoops! Diana just signaled that the editor's coming. This is all I had to say anyway. I'm staying with another Margaret this year, but it's not the same one I lived with last year. My "last year's Margaret" is in the hospital in Greensboro. Since I'm her "brain-bunny," I remind all the girls to write her. I hope the editor leaves her typewriter open so I can type my review of "Rabbit Tobacco Trail." I wish she would change the ribbon. I don't like faded blue.

HECTOR

TEN NEW MEMBERS ON FACULTY

(Continued from page 9)

A native of Wytheville, Va., Mr. Anderson comes to Queens from the faculty of Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va., and he taught in the Queens summer session this summer. He has the B.S. and M.A. degrees from John B. Stetson University, Deland, Fla., from which he was graduated *cum laude*. He served in the U. S. Navy from 1940 to 1946.

Mr. Porter will be instructor in art while Mrs. Rebecca Bryant, art professor, is on a year's leave of absence. He has the B.A. degree in fine arts from Richmond Professional Institute of the College of William and Mary and the M.A. degree from the University of North Carolina. He was graduate assistant in the art department of Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in 1951-1952 and studied in India on a Fulbright scholarship last year. He took a European tour this summer. His paintings have been shown in numerous state and regional exhibits in the Southeast.

Appointed to the position of associate professor of Business Administration is Dr. J. Russel Boner of Silver Springs, Maryland. For the past two years Dr. Boner has been associated with the Office of Price Administration in Washington in the Consumer Goods Division. Since 1942 Dr. Boner has been government employed both in this country and abroad as economist, analyst, and administrator. Prior to working for the government, Dr. Boner was a member of the faculties of the University of Illinois and the University of Alabama.

Dr. Boner received his B.A. degree from the University of Colorado, his M.A. degree and Ph.D. degree from the University of Illinois. His major work was in finance and international trade. He is a member of the American Economic Association and of the Order of Artus, an economic fraternity.

Mr. Sipe, who lives in Charlotte, will conduct classes in theory and violin. For two years Mr. Sipe has been conductor with the Charlotte Opera Association. He was a member of the faculty of Davidson College last year. He has also served as first violinist in the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra and has been guest conductor with the Eastman Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Sipe received his B.S. degree from Davidson College and his M.M. degree from Eastman School of Music. He is a member of Phi Mu Alpha, national music fraternity, and of the Masonic Lodge.

—I. W.

BRAZILIAN STUDENT COMES TO QUEENS

Lillian de Campos Kerr of Campinas, Brazil, is a special student on the Queens College campus this year. The daughter of the president and professor of the Presbyterian Seminary of South Brazil, Lillian comes to Queens on the recommendation of Willodene Smith, a '52 graduate of Queens, who is now a Presbyterian missionary to Brazil. Lillian's scholarship is made available through a special project of the Queens Christian Association. Her roommate is Margaret Smith, of Atlanta, Ga.

Lillian has studied in the College of Campinas for seven years; she explains, however, that the colleges in Brazil are not equivalent to those in the United States. She has studied English, which she speaks well with only a little accent. Music, which she plans to continue studying, is another of her studies. She is quite modest about her musical accomplishment, but she wears an unusual ring that signifies that she is qualified to teach piano. When she returns to her native land, Lillian hopes to teach, as she says, "the leetle children."

On this her first trip outside the boundaries of Brazil, Lillian has brought several souvenirs of her homeland. One of these is a pennant from the seminary which she attended. A doll dressed in native costume, an acorn-shaped container filled with brazil nuts, and a highly polished wooden chest are other reminders of her home.

The students and faculty of Queens have eagerly awaited Lillian's arrival. They welcome her with pleasure to the campus.

A TRIP TO THE HAREM

(Continued from page 14)

together in sign language and for the continual racing of the rats through the library. They seemed to be seeking water.

When I left the library, the library assistant searched me to be certain that I was not sneaking out any books or magazines besides the one book I had checked out. I was unable to check out the volume until I had filled out blanks in quadruple and had had them notarized as being legal and as being the truth. One blank stayed in the library and the other three were kept in permanent files in the three offices downstairs. The volume I checked out was *Bulliver Stays at Home* by Joe Slow.

Back in my room I glanced at the book and was attracted to the library seal it contained. The seal consisted of a book on a pillow over which was a banner with the motto, *Io Regi*. Under the seal was engraved the name of the library, "Harold's Hallowed Harem."

REALITY

Grace Hager

A sudden thought,
A cringe of doubt,
A worried look,
A staring gaze.

An upward glance,
A forming smile,
A look of conquest,
A way of faith.

fashions to
a "Queens taste"
will be found
in our third
floor shops

MONTALDO'S

220 N. Tryon St.

As We See It

Welcome Centennials!

Faculty and students look with pleasure and hope upon the arrival of this year's freshman class. This new addition to the Queens family is the new blood which will surge forth to make a better Queens, the fresh energy which will take up responsibilities which other have laid down, and the talent and the intellect which are the backbone of our institution. To the freshman is given a new challenge; theirs is a new opportunity to know Queens and help her grow and to love and serve her as others who have gone before.

The freshman class, the class of '57, is especially important; for its graduation will mark the one-hundredth anniversary at Queens—another milestone in the development of our college. To the freshman class, Queens Centennial Class, we say welcome.

B. C.

Who Needs Straw For Bricks?

(Although this editorial was written while Dr. Jernigan was living, we decided to print it as a final tribute to his work at Queens.)

Dr. Jernigan was recently quoted in the *Bulletin of Queens College* as saying that making bricks without straw is interesting—but it has its problems. It *is* interesting! The students at Queens have gaped in amazement at the progress in brick-making on Queens during the second year that Dr. Jernigan has been its president. Indeed, he *can* make bricks without straw! He has done it so well that we have decided that straw is not needed to make bricks—but spunk is a brick-making requirement which Dr. Jernigan has.

One year ago students arrived on a campus where many changes had taken place. We thought Dr. Jernigan's building program was finished and all was well at Queens College. No one had any idea that by September 1953 the students would finance their own pool, a new dormitory would be completed on back campus, Burwell would be renovated, North and South dormitories would be repainted and rewired, the dining hall would receive acoustical treatment, or that a myriad other small things would take place. The process of making bricks seems to be a never-ending one at Queens. Queens students are grateful that they have a president with spunk enough to attempt it. It took spunk for Dr. Jernigan to approach the student body to work for a pool. It also took spunk for him to strive for the other accomplishments of his second year as president.

But, even with spunk, brick-making has its problems. Dr. Jernigan's major problem has been convincing a dubious student body that it is privileged to be a part of a small liberal-arts college. The students are beginning to see the advantages of this type of school and are proud to work with its president to make it greater. His greatest problem is solved, for the students believe in his dream and are taking it for their own. Dr. Jernigan's often quoted statement, "The small liberal-arts college is the last stronghold of free and independent thought," has become a fighting term on campus. Students at Queens are beginning to realize the truth of that statement at the end of the second year of a president with spunk, one who needs no straw to make bricks.

—D-J. S.

A Greater Queens?—Let's Sing It

Queens women have lustily sung the praises of their college with the same tune and words for the past forty years. During that forty years, however, Queens has changed location, changed name, changed affiliations, presidents and student atmosphere. Queens has become a greater Queens since the time that it was a small struggling institution situated in the suburbs of Charlotte. Last year we changed our constitution; this year let's change our outdated Alma Mater.

For several years the Queens students have individually expressed disgust at the official Queens Alma Mater. Among the complaints voiced has been the fact that the tune is one which every college and high school in the nation has used since Cornell made it famous. When Queens women hear the strains of their Alma Mater, they think of their high-school days when they proudly sang the same tune during the half-time at the football games—the tune is too common to be closely associated with our higher institution of education. Just the fact that it is used by Harvard, Princeton, and other Eastern colleges is no reason that Queens should tenaciously keep it. Queens is capable of setting her own traditions. We do not mind imitation by others, however.

Queens has no reason to be proud of the chorus of its Alma Mater because it is identical with those of large colleges with the exception of the insertion of "Queens." Surely Queens has a deep enough meaning for its students, faculty, and administration to warrant an individual Alma Mater which definitely states the atmosphere of a greater Queens without plagiarism from other institutions. The words of the stanzas were appropriate for Queens forty years ago; today they are almost ridiculous. They carry that Victorian sweet-girl-graduate sentiment which was popular before World War I. When analyzed, they actually have no meaning for the Queens woman of 1953. Queens is no longer situated "deep within a waving forest"; "the fragrant pine trees" of the second stanza have also disappeared with time and progress. After one has attempted to cross Selwyn Avenue, she is hard to convince that Queens is "far from bustling town." The fact that Queens "proudly looks down" as she "proudly stands in view" seems to indicate that Queens has conquered every obstacle and has reached all her ambitions. If this be true, we should not have desired to work for a pool and we should not strive for new dormitories, library, or fine-arts building. Queens will never sit back on her laurels; she will always be moving forward!

Queens has entered a new era—the era of a greater Queens. The progress of the past five years stands as evidence of this fact. A new atmosphere has permeated the

campus. We should sing an Alma Mater which tells of this progress and which looks to a greater Queens in the future. Such a song would reflect Queens thinking, Queens spirit, and Queens progress. A greater Queens is a part of our everyday life—let's sing it!

- D J. S.

Integrated Interests To Be Foremost In Our Minds

Since student government may and should be an influ ential and motivating force on a college campus, it is essential that each student understand its functioning, its aims and purposes, and its means of accomplishing those purposes.

Last spring after the new student leaders assumed the responsibilities placed upon them for the coming year, they began immediately to think of a theme which would bind together the work of the various organizations. The theme chosen was "Integrated Interests." As the plans for the new year were discussed, the Co-ordinating Council realized the necessity of integrating individual organizational aims to form a more perfect student government at Queens. Integrating, however, must first be accomplished through co-operation within the student body; for only then can the members of the Recreation Association support Panhellenic Council in order that it may have as successful a year as last; only then can the Queens Christian Association enable the Day and Boarding Student Councils to function effectively; and only then can the different honorary organizations, classes, and sororities combine efforts to reinforce and achieve each goal which student government sets before the student body this year.

Thus, co-operation and understanding are vital as we resolve to work toward complete integration. May the interests of each of us and of each organization be so interlinked that we think of Queens not as consisting of separate organizations, but as an indivisible community. In this way the dream of our late and beloved president, Dr. Jernigan, will inevitably come true.

—Barbara Edwards

We Are Failing Our College!

We cannot afford to let opportunity pass us by. And yet we are doing exacting that when we refuse to take advantage of the resources found in our college library. It is a good library, one for which the college can be, and is, proud. But the same cannot be said for the students' use of it. We students are failing in this respect. Some students use the library only when it is absolutely necessary; others use the library only occasionally. Few ever look at or read the many periodicals found on the shelves or the many reference books. Many of us use the library only as a place to study or when term-paper time arrives.

We need to take a few minutes and browse in the library; we need to glance through the magazines and to explore the biography section, the fiction room. If we simply take time to interest ourselves in these books and magazines, we will find the library an inviting place. We will find, in addition, that it is a profitable place in which to spend a part of our spare time.

When we fail to be interested in events of the world, when we fail to read about them in current magazines, we fail our college. We allow ourselves to remain unin formed, unprepared. But we cannot afford to be uninformed; we cannot afford to be unprepared. We cannot afford to fail ourselves or our college.

—A. M.

Here's To The Alumnae

In the July *Bulletin of Queens College* appeared the following statements: "Alumnae redecorating infirmary," "Largest alumnae attendance in history at homecoming this year." In these two small phrases is reflected a large growing interest of former Queens students in their college. Speaking of the alumnae, Dr. Jernigan remarked a few days before his death that "interest is developing daily in the Charlotte group, and to some extent throughout the state." The alumnae seem to have caught the new spirit which has pervaded the Queens campus.

Until recently the Alumnae Association has shown a passive interest in the school. In 1951 throughout the South they suddenly realized the need of new bathrooms in North and South dormitories. Through individual donations and chapter-sponsored activities they contributed a great deal to the materialization of the new baths. They have also seen a need for scholarships for worthy students and are financing several at the present time. Last year many of them worked hand in hand with students in an effort to insure a pool for the new gym. They also gave generously to the campus project to send Miss Harrell to the Coronation. During the summer the Charlotte and Winston-Salem chapters chose for their projects the renovation of the infirmary, and the Charlotte chapter to some extent has helped with the launching of a long-term program of beautification of the campus.

The Queens students have been inspired by the interest and contribution which the alumnae have made to life on the Queens campus in the past three years. Such enthusiasm is a good sign that a greater Queens is in the making. The dream of a greater Queens can indeed become a reality by all Queens women, whether students or alumnae, working together. If the Alumnae Association continues to display as much interest in the affairs of Queens College as it has recently, Queens students will feel honored to become members of that organization which contributes so much to everyday life at Queens.

—Alumna Futura

Where's Our Courtesy?

"We're the girls from Queens
And you know what that means . . ."

What does that mean? According to the next line of our song, it means "that we are the best in the land." In almost every aspect this is true. We do feel we are the best in fostering good student-faculty relationships and in sportsmanship. In other ways, however, we are definitely far from the best.

The lack of a friendly, appreciative student-servant relationship is a prime example of the latter. We often seem to forget that the many people here on campus to serve our needs are just as responsive to a "thank-you" or a "well-done" concerning their work as we are concerning our studies. And not only can we be accused of being unappreciative, but we can also be accused of being rude at times. The best example of this is found in the dining

hall, where we have our closest contact with college workers. How many times have you seen someone speak unkindly to one of the waitresses? How many times have you yourself not spoken a cheery "good-morning" to one of our colored friends?

When all Queens students can truthfully answer "no" to the above questions and can honestly say that they have made an effort to be more friendly to the working crew of Queens, then we will have made a great stride toward making the words of our song true.

—Pat Laird

The Liberal Arts College — From The Freshman Viewpoint

Without taking away from the large state universities any merits because of their wider course of studies or fields of specialization, the liberal arts church colleges have many outstanding advantages not possessed by the other types of institutions. The part they play in the education of today's youth is very important in these uncertain times.

The church college is able to influence the religious life of every student, even though his major course is not Bible or religion. Each student comes in contact with Christian teachers and advisers and has the privilege of looking to them for guidance. As a rule, classes are comparatively small and, therefore, make possible more discussion and a closer contact between the teacher and students. This influence upon the student helps him to develop character and ideals.

Ministerial and religious-education students receive their best preparatory courses at church colleges. Excellent programs of study, however, are offered also to those preparing for other vocations in the realm of liberal arts. They not only receive training for their life's work but become better prepared for service as laymen in the church.

At a purely liberal arts college the students' major interests and purposes in life are more or less along the same lines. There is an atmosphere of friendliness and interest in others which pervades all the campus life. Firm friendships are formed, often lasting for a lifetime.

In addition to preparing the student for his life's work, the liberal arts church college also gives him a strong background for life itself. What more could be expected from a college education?

—Margaret Wright
Centennial Class

I REMEMBER APSLEY HOUSE

(Continued from page 8)

I was also at Hatfield, home of the first Elizabeth, on Wednesday following a Royal Garden Party on Sunday. The house was filled with yellow iris, hundreds of them, that gave life to the old place.

The theatres came out poorly in their contest with "the Queen's beasts" to the right of the Abbey Annex. These modelled beasts were taken from the heraldic coats of arms of Elizabeth's ancestors. Great crowds queued, from 4:30 A.M. on, to view these and to get into the Abbey, while a good seat in the dress circle of any playhouse could be had for $1.15. *Henry VIII* and *The Young Elizabeth* (Mary Morris) were among the offerings of historical interest, but I found most amusing a play called *Escapade*, a satire in boarding-school life, which presented the idea ("Progressive"!) that children do not need parents, nor faculty. It's the parents and faculty who need children!

Prices are higher than in 1937, much—life much faster. But I had that queer, blessed sense of going home—to the biggest city in the world, made bigger by millions from Rhodesia and—everywhere. It was an odyssey for which I am deeply grateful to everyone at Queens College.

In Charlotte
THE FINEST NAMES IN FASHION
are found in one store
Ivey's
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

BROWSING . . .

STORY OF A MAN OF GOD

Catherine Marshall: *A Man Called Peter.* McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1951, $3.75. Pp. 354.

If ever a man's life exemplified the words of Jesus: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," it was Peter Marshall's. When he first felt the call of God to enter the ministry, he was working as a machinist in Coatbridge, Scotland, earning thirty-eight shillings a week. When he landed at Ellis Island, he had only enough money in his wallet to last two weeks. Two old friends, however, urged him to come to Birmingham, Alabama, to work. There he earned seventeen dollars a week. Then God's plans for him began to materialize. The Men's Bible Class which he taught sent him to Columbia Seminary, Decatur, Georgia, for two years; unknown friends supplied him with clothing; his last year at the seminary he was able to supply in a small church and thus to pay his own way. From the time of his graduation, 1931, to the time of his death, 1949, he did not lack material necessities. Through his pastorates in Georgia to Washington, D. C., and the Senate Chaplaincy, he carried with him an unshakable faith in the promises of God.

Mrs. Marshall's biography of her husband has been a best seller for almost two years. It is a beautiful story, simply told; but that alone cannot account for its immediate and sustained popularity. The reason for this popularity is, perhaps, the fact that everyone who reads the story of his life feels a kinship to Peter Marshall. Because he was human; because he enjoyed football, baseball, and games of all kinds; because he had dedicated himself to follow the orders of his Chief with joy and complete faith; because through his sermons and prayers, God became more real and vital to all who heard, Peter Marshall is loved and admired. He was a man of God who was a real man and not a sissy—a Christian who had fun!

—Mary McLaney

SACRIFICES OF THE FEW

James A. Michener: *The Bridges at Toko-Ri.* Random House, New York: 1953, $2.50.

Written by the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Tales of the South Pacific,* which was made into the hit musical *South Pacific, The Bridges at Toko-Ri* is a vital and moving novel. It bears a message to all those who wonder about Korea. It attempts to explain our Korean experiences. A story of the navy, it might also have been written about air-force pilots or marines.

The Bridges at Toko-Ri does not tell a pretty story, but rather it tells a story of war, of fear, of bravery. It centers around the carrier *Savo* and the jets that fly from its deck. It is the story of Admiral George Tarrant, known to many as George the Tyrant, and of Mike Forney, the Irishman from Chicago, and of Harry Brubaker, the jet pilot. It is the story of men fighting a battle they do not understand, for ideals they cannot discern.

Brubaker hadn't wanted to go to Korea; his wife and children hadn't wanted him to fight. He had been doing all right as a civilian. But that hadn't mattered; he had had to go. He made a good pilot, the best on the *Savo,* and he did his duty. But he didn't like it. Brubaker didn't want to fight, but it was he who had to abandon his jet and who had to be fished from the icy waters. It was he who was chosen to bomb the bridges, the bridges at Toko-Ri. And it was he who died when his plane was hit during the bombing mission, the successful mission of Toko-Ri.

The Bridges at Toko-Ri is not, however, all fear and heartbreak. There is a fight at a Japanese harbor which is caused by a pretty Japanese girl. Brubaker's wife and children visit him in Japan, a thing which, of course, is against the rules. There is an encounter with a friendly Japanese family at a sulphur bath. But over all hangs the mission, the bombing of the bridges at Toko-Ri. And throughout there is the message to all, but especially to those who took an active part in the Korean struggle: the triumph of right over wrong has always been accomplished through the sacrifices of the few.

—Audrey Montgomery

THE STORY OF A WHITE HOUSE

Jefferson Young: *A Good Man,* Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., New York: 1953, $3.00. Pp. 239.

Jefferson Young's *A Good Man* is a psychological novel about racial prejudice during the early days of the new South. It is the simple, yet emotional story of Albert Clayton, a Negro farm hand who tries to live a decent life in a community where decency must be fought for.

Throughout the book Albert's desire to paint his house white, a thing which was unheard of for the Negroes of his day, creates startling suspense. A white house would not only be the fulfillment of a dream for Albert, but it would also symbolize progress for his race and a first step toward equal rights with the white man.

The reader is always conscious of Albert's struggles to save money for paint, and he is constantly fighting with Albert as the determined Negro upholds his ideals even though the white men look down upon him and try to keep him from achieving his goal.

The story builds up to a dramatic climax when Albert's wife, fearing the safety of her family, kills the calf that Albert planned to sell for money to buy paint. The reader feels that all Albert's efforts are futile; but he is reassured that Albert will start again and that the Negro will not give up his desire to live as a human being.

The effective use of Southern Negro dialogue makes *A Good Man* amusing as well as interesting to read. The characters are real, and their problems are heartwarming. By reading *A Good Man* one can learn that true success comes from the heart and not from physical achievements.

—Kathryn Rogers

THE PROBLEMS OF EVERYDAY LIVING

Peale, Dr. Norman Vincent: *The Power of Positive Thinking.* Prentice-Hall, Inc., $2.95.

The author of *Guide to Confident Living, Faith is the Answer,* and *The Art of Real Happiness* has written another dynamic book, *The Power of Positive Thinking.* In his latest book Dr. Norman Vincent Peale endeavors to present a simple, workable guide for utilizing one's religious concepts in practical, everyday living. He proves that attitudes can change lives, win successes, and overcome obstacles. In his introduction he states: "Your life can be full of joy and satisfaction. By methods I shall outline, obstacles are simply not permitted to destroy your happiness and well being. You need be defeated only if you are willing to be. This book teaches you how to 'will not to be'." At Marble Collegiate Church in New York Dr. Peale has found that his methods have been proved workable by the thousands who come to his clinic for help.

The essence of his writing incorporates practical, commonsense philosophy with concrete illustrations. It is actually an interpretation and simplification of Biblical principles which prove that just as many miracles happen today as in Jesus' day.

For one who likes formulas, *The Power of Positive Thinking* is full of "how to's." Although Dr. Peale's other books are more satisfying and polished, he fulfills very well his primary purpose: to help the average person use his religion as a positive force in his everyday thinking and living.

—Amanda Adams

FOR LOVERS OF THE OLD SOUTH

Pierce, Ovid Williams: *The Plantation,* Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York: 1953. Pp. 217.

Mr. Ed Ruffin had always been a generous person. And now that he was dying, there was nothing left of the old plantation except memories that he shared with Josephus, his friend and coachman. They were memories of years of hard work and the women who had so greedily taken all that they could from him.

Josephus sat alone with Mr. Ed in the dimly-lit sick room and listened to the dying man's reminiscences. There had been Miss Caroline and Miss Lucrezia; Miss Virginia, who was Mr. Ed's first girl friend; and Miss Mary Briggs, whom Mr. Ed courted later on. Those women had taken advantage of Mr. Ed, a man who only wanted to make other people happy. And with Mr. Ed on his death bed, it seemed that those many years of giving were wasted efforts.

In this novel of the Old South Ovid Williams Pierce portrays a most vivid picture of plantation life. *The Plantation* is to be read by those who love the South and who share the great heritage that belongs to it. The reader will sympathize with the old Negro cook, who secretly mourned for Mr. Ed, and he will love Josephus, who understood Mr. Ed as no other man could.

The Plantation is written in typical Southern dialogue. Although the plot is at times difficult to grasp, this novel is, nevertheless, an inspiration to those who enjoy reading about the days of big Southern plantations.

—Kathryn Rogers

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POETRY

The Spider And The Fly

Kathryn Rogers

"Come and have some lunch with me,"
The spider said seductively
To the unsuspecting fly upon the wall.

The fly was very much surprised
To find the spider making eyes,
But yet resolved at once to join the ball.

He hesitated at the door
And looked upon the sticky floor;
Suspicion filled his mind with fear and doubt.

The spider understood the plight
And hurried forth with great delight;
The fly, he wanted *in* the house, not *out!*

"Just follow me," the spider cried.
"I'll do just that," the guest replied.
The spider and the fly went hand in hand.

On strands of silk the fly was led;
He only wanted to be fed.
He thought the hospitality was grand.

"Just go in there," the spider sneered.
The fly obeyed; the spider leered.
He knew he had his victim in a trap.

He followed in to bind his prey;
He'd have a feast the live-long day.
No one was there to make him take the rap.

But then his nerves got quite a jolt;
It hit him like a thunderbolt,
For now the fly was back upon the wall.

The fly had traced, with good intent,
The steps by which the spider went.
He knew to get away from food and all.

The spider now was much appalled,
But to the fly he bravely called.
He had to use his keenest strategy.

Between the talk that then commenced,
Their manners both were tight and tensed,
And this was all that I could hear or see:

"Come and have some lunch with me,"
The spider said, sarcastically.
To the much suspecting fly he tried to sing.

The fly was not so much surprised
To find the spider making eyes,
And so he turned and merrily took wing.

Ambition

Charlene Warren

Ambition is a poisoned sea
Whereon man's raft floats endlessly.
He gasps with thirst, each breath a strife;
Drinking too deeply, he chokes out life.

A Passing Fancy

Barbara Edwards

Listen, my queens, and you shall hear
Of a midnight ride of someone here
On the campus, whom we pass each day,
To whom attention we seldom pay.
'Twas a night in September, and over the grounds
Not a creature stirred; from the dorms no sounds;
Out in the courtyard as the moon shone through,
The form of Diana came into view.
She gazed toward the sky with bow in hand,
As goddess of the hunt she took her stand;
To all who might pass she appeared to be
Just a fixture of the campus for all to see;
But if one had been standing near to her then,
One would have heard her sigh deep within,
Then relax her arms and glance around,
Ready to resume stance at the slightest sound.
Speak she did, as she said aloud,
"If only I could be in the stars on a cloud."
For no one knew Diana's desire
To be away from Queens, soaring higher and higher,
Since we only notice her here at school
When we go to meals or sit on the pool—
"I'd be away just a short time," the thought,
"And be back to the courtyard ere I'm caught."
So up and away—She left the earth
To take a flight of fun and of mirth;
She journeyed upward clear to the stars,
Passing the planets of Venus and Mars;
To the bright silver ball she extended her flight,
As goddess of the moon she thus claimed her right.
The hours were five that Diana was gone,
Since her journey lasted from midnight till dawn;
The watchman blinked and rubbed his eyes,
As he saw Diana descend from the skies;
"'Could have sworn," said he, "a minute ago
That Diana gal flew down, but I know
Good 'n' well statues don't fly,
So 'twas just a fancy passing by . . ."
Credit must go where credit is due,
And the story of Diana I pass on to you;
So Diana could leave us 'most any day,
But at Queens she belongs—and has decided to stay!

Egbert Elf

Kathryn Rogers

In a cozy cottage corner
On a strong and stable shelf
Lived a doleful, dottle dwarf
By the name of Egbert Elf.

He was always sad and sulky,
Lived alone upon the shelf.
Couldn't stand his friends and kinsmen;
Couldn't even stand *himself!*

Egbert wished he were a tiger
With a dark and gloomy lair,
There to take his helpless victims
And devour them, tooth and hair.

He would jump with glee and joy—
He had a kitten's paw.
The kitten still attached to it,
He'd eat it, rare and raw.

He wished he were a cannibal
Revealing all his frightfulness.
He'd eat his mother bones and all
To show his cruel spitefulness.

He wished he were a charging bull
With pointed horns as sharp as knives.
He'd stab his victims, one by one,
Thus ending their ill-fated lives.

And once he wished he were a hawk;
He'd eat his victims on a cliff
And leave their flesh-torn bodies there
Till wind and rain had made them stiff.

But Egbert made a big mistake
In plotting plots and scheming schemes.
His dreaded fate was not far off,
Or so it goes, and so it seems.

For while he raged upon the shelf,
He did forget the size of it.
He slipped and fell into the fire.
(The horrid details, I'll omit.)

But Egbert brought it on himself;
He thought not of his own doomed fate.
He only wanted all the rest
To die in cruel, tortured state.

His mind was queer, to say the least;
His reasoning was hazy.
An unkind soul would be the one
To say that he was crazy

For there are folks like Egbert Elf;
Some people call them "Sadists."
But Egbert Elf, *he* did not care
If he were *not* the gladdest!

Now Egbert's story will be told
From mouth to mouth and ear to ear.
And every time the tale is told
These are the words which first you'll hear:

"In a cozy cottage corner
On a strong and stable shelf,
Lived a doleful, dottle dwarf
By the name of Egbert Elf."

Diana

Kathryn Rogers

Diana, standing straight and tall—
A silhouette against the wall,
You never know of life around you,
Or of heartaches that surround you.

You do not know what progress means;
You never had ambitious dreams.
You do not have a heart that's frail;
You do not have to win or fail.

And yet you catch each woman's eye,
For with your bow aimed toward the sky,
You are a symbol to inspire
Every heart to aim still higher.

Diana, standing straight and tall—
A silhouette against the wall,
In your path scores have stood
And found their dream of womanhood.

Summer Twilight

Davy-Jo Stribling

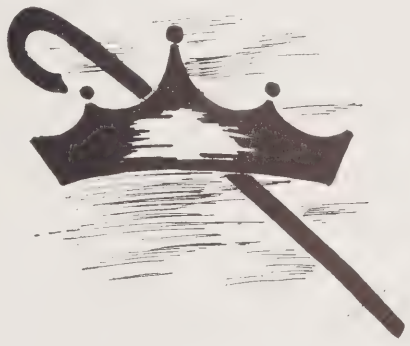
The cawing of a crow,
The buzzing of a bee,
The tinkling of a cow bell,
The calling of the birds,
The rumbling of distant thunder,
The humming of an automobile,
The rustling of a cat in the grass,
The spattering of scattered rain drops,
The rattling of a wagon on the road,
The whistling of a merry tune,
The cooing of a dove—
Summer twilight in the country.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

PEGGY BRICE

Written by the president of the sophomore class and winner of last year's Panhellenic award for the outstanding freshman, this story could well have happened to a member of the Queens faculty.

A little old lady sashayed down the aisle toward her assigned seat on the heavy airliner. Her manner—that of pretended unconcern—was one factor in the leveling of all eyes upon her. But as she drawled Southernly, yet quite distinctly, "Please pahdon me," murmuring more to herself than to anyone who was in her way, eyes that had been enjoying the scenery or glancing over headlines in newspapers quite suddenly shifted to the unique newcomer. She sensed none of this attention, however, nor did she notice that her natural manner had distracted the entire plane. She looked neither to the right nor to the left as she hustled on; and her half-parted eyes added to her look of unconcern, although those same eyes were missing nothing that was happening about her; and if she had been asked later to describe the tie of the old man sitting in the third seat, she probably would have given a better description of it than the wearer himself.



"It's just marvelous, perfectly marvelous to think that my girls would do this for me," she muttered as she took her seat. "Hello." This quite abrupt salutation was directed to the young man who was seated beside her and who was staring unconsciously with gaping mouth at his assigned companion.

"How do you do?" The young man was the suave New York gangster type. His dark eyes were calm—almost too calm—and he seemed to be thinking. The little lady, however, was too busy settling herself to notice these features.

"It's perfectly terrible to think about my work being left behind. What will my poor girls do? Things will be in a terrible mess when I return."

"What?"

"Young man, I wasn't speaking to you; but if you must know—well—I'm on my way to see the coronation of Queen Elizabeth—Elizabeth the Second, that is. I presume that you know Elizabeth is receiving the crown of England next week. Yes, it's perfectly marvelous; but my work at school is naturally being impaired by my absence, although I'm so thrilled that my girls at school are sending me."

"Sorry, lady. I thought you was telling me something."

"It's all right, all right—no bother. All of this is perfectly marvelous, I think. You know, England has a unique history; and I've always loved it. It takes me into another world to read of foggy London or the haunted moors. I feel as if little England is still our mother country despite the revolution; and when I think that I am going to see Queen Elizabeth—Elizabeth the Second, that is—crowned—why, gracious, I just don't know what to say. It's all just perfectly marvelous."

"I'm going to git some water, lady."

"Well, would you mind bringing me some? Thank you greatly."

* * *

"Pahdon me, please. Goodness gracious, what a crowd there is for the procession! These people just have to move so that I can see—perfectly terrible crowd. Oh, why don't you watch where—why, it's you, young man. You didn't tell me you were going to be at the coronation. Isn't all of this just perfectly marvelous?"

"Excuse me, lady. I'm in a hurry."

"Wait, young man. With that long walking cane maybe you can clear the way so that we can see better. Please don't walk so fast—hardly keep up with you."

"Listen, lady. You ain't gonna keep up with me. I'm in a hurry."

"Oh, if my dear girls could see me now. This is the high light of my life. I do hope that Elizabeth can live up to her namesake, don't you? You know—not so fast, please—you know, England rose to her greatest heights under the first Elizabeth. She was a wonderful queen—perfectly wonderful—and now I'm going to see Elizabeth—Elizabeth the Second, that is—crowned as Queen of England. You must slow down, young man. Besides, we're close enough."

"Beat it, lady. Else you'll be sorry."

"What was that, young man? The crowd is perfectly terrible and so much noise. You know, I hate noise. Even my girls at school become a little disgusted at my insistence upon their keeping strict silence. But you know, you can't do a thing if there's so much noise; and I have my work to do. Goodness gracious, but I do! Oh, shall we stop here? Look! Look! Here she comes! Elizabeth the Second—Queen Elizabeth and all of the royalty. Young man, please remove your cane. I can't see. Oh, you must do one thing for me now. As soon as the coach is by, you must run and pick up some of the pebbles that the coach touched because

(Continued on page 30)

DR. McEWEN

(Continued from page 4)

lab during the day and slept in her car at night! Pearly seemed satisfied to come to Charlotte, and now spends her days at 2316 Westfield Road waiting for Dr. Mac to come home from school. Biffyboy, another dog, passed away in 1951. Aloysius, a cat, died in 1950.

Among Dr. McEwen's other interests are antiques, African violets, roses, and camellias. She says that for the past two years it seems that she hasn't had time for any interests. Then she smiled and remarked that was not so since it was just last year that she was "mad" over Mario Lanza's voice! She is a record collector, also. She likes to read about gem stones and archaeological explorations. In discussing her flowers, she said, "I'm just before taking the dirt out of my window boxes and putting in cans so I can change the boxes by transferring cans from the cold frames (which she built herself last summer). Do I make myself clear? Petunias in the summer, boxwoods in the winter—that type of thing." Dr. McEwen also enjoys a weekly visit to the river home which her mother has owned since 1927. Although Dr. Mac has many interests, she has only one dislike—people who are unkind to animals.

Dr. Mac's home, which is two blocks from the campus, has become a favorite hang-out for Queens students, chemistry majors or otherwise. They are always welcome, no matter what time of day or night. They may be left listening to records and chatting with Mrs. Morse, Dr. Mac's musically talented mother, while Dr. Mac runs down to the market. They never leave, however, without being given a bite to eat of Dr. Mac's freshly baked cookies, cake, or pie. If they are homesick, they are cheered up. If they have problems, they tell them to Dr. McEwen, whose only consolation is, "H-mm, now just don't worry about it. What difference will it make in a hundred years!" Dr. Mac maintains a large correspondence with former students whom she mothered while they were at Queens.

Dr. Mac's lab is just as much a hang-out for faculty and students as is her home. There are various reasons for this. First, Dr. Mac always keeps cookies or cake in her lab for hungry teachers and students. Second, she also has a large flask of hot water ready for coffee-making at all times—that is if one likes to drink coffee from a beaker. Third, and the most important, people like Dr. McEwen and Dr. McEwen likes people. Her optimism and cheerful outlook combined with her understanding and plain common sense make her a refreshing personality with whom anybody is privileged to be associated.

On being asked what she thinks has been the outstanding addition to life at Queens during her thirty-five years association with the college, Dr. McEwen replied, "The change in 'atmosphere' that has gradually developed over a period of years." To prove h r point, she recalled events out of the past. One of her first recollections of Queens is of having "Miss Ab (Dr. Abernethy) teaching me English, history, logic, and ethics in addition to psychology." Another vivid memory is of the library before Miss Harrell's day when it was where the Public Relations Office is now and was a favorite place to go to eat! Dr. Mac well remembers the first time cokes were sold in the "Y" store which was in the little room that is now Mr. Holliday's office. Other recollections were the rough initiations of the Pi Delta and Gamma Sigma literary societies, and the way one couldn't cross what is now Diana courtyard if her rolled stockings didn't meet her big serge bloomers! An amusing incident she recalls is of the time boys painted out the "SAB" of the "Sabbath Day—No Admittance" sign that hung on the chains that were put across the front campus on Sunday!

Dr. McEwen's memories of Queens when she was a student are no more amusing than those of her early years of teaching. When she first taught chemistry, the gym was where the organic lab is now; and she had an awful time conducting a class under it when a basket ball game was going on. She remembers that chapel was a sermon every day. The faculty sat on a platform where Miss Harrell had a particular chair in the back next to the organ and the organist always put his head down on the organ and slept. If the president looked out the window and saw any student walking on the compus, he sent someone out to bring her into chapel. Dr. Mac said, "To this day if I am not in chapel I feel that I should hide." She well remembers the time that one of the girls took her geology book home and her father saw it. The president stormed into Dr. Mac's class requesting her to "shut that book and don't open it again on this campus."

Dr. McEwen remembers many episodes concerning the dining hall. Among these are the time the students insisted that they wanted a "trained dietitian" and the food that they put up with until the night that they went on a hunger strike. It made the front page of the paper while the president was at a meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges! Another dining-hall recollection was that of the depression days when part of her salary was paid by dinner for her and her husband. The students couldn't understand why the faculty table was always in an uproar. It was Mr. McEwen and Miss Albright swapping jokes!

Dr. McEwen also well remembers when the only chemistry lab was her lab (SB 208) and there were 120 students in freshman chemistry. "We ran six sections of twenty in that little lab. You see what I mean by the change in atmosphere." The Queens atmosphere is still changing, but there's one campus personality who will accept the changes as they come, who will remain loyal to the students, who will keep calm in the face of disaster, and who will always be considered an ideal chemist, a valuable alumna, a lovable professor, and a cherished friend. Such a person is Dr. McEwen.

—D-J. S.

MOONDOWN

DAVY-JO STRIBLING

This is a story of a doctor, a son, a disease, a half-moon, and an everyday tragedy they combined to make.

It was a hot and dry night. The colorless light of the half-moon made me shiver in the sultry summer air. The moon looked like the center of a cross as I viewed it through the screen of my side porch. I was exhausted, but was not sleepy. It was too hot to sleep. I hadn't even undressed; I unbuttoned my shirt. I noticed there were no clouds in the sky, not even any sheet lightning. The moon had it all to itself, and we needed rain so badly.

I was glad there had been no emergency cases tonight. It was too hot even to give a hypodermic, much less deliver a baby. A hospital is a hot place, especially if it's not air-conditioned. I was glad that Richard was in an air-conditioned hospital. It would be easier for him that way. I understood that most army hospitals are air-conditioned. I wondered if he realized his mother and I had come home. I wondered if he knew his brothers and sisters were by his bedside. I couldn't stand to see my son die—I had seen death too much in forty years of practice.

I glanced at my watch in a beam of light shed by a small table lamp in the living room. It was 10:40. I should have been in bed. I needed rest for the ordeal ahead of me, but I couldn't sleep. I wasn't as young as I used to be—I had reached my three-score-and-ten. My son was thirty-five. His life was half-lived. I stared at the half-moon in the west. It reminded me of my son. There was just a half and nothing more.

It was hard for me to realize that six weeks ago my son was perfectly healthy. I'd never forget the foreboding feeling I had the morning Richard called me from Florida. He told me he was in the hospital. The doctors had diagnosed his illness as jaundice. I remembered his worried voice.

"Dad, I never felt better in my life 'til three weeks ago. The doctors say I have an extreme case of jaundice. They may be right. All I know is that I feel terrible, and I've lost fifty pounds in three weeks."

"Did you say fifty pounds, son?"

"Yes, Dad. I'm just skin and bones."

"Richard, would you like to be moved to a closer hospital? Why not come to Atlanta? I'll send for you. You would be nearer home."

"Thanks, Dad. That'll be great."

I remembered hanging up the telephone and telling my wife about our son's illness.

"He can come here for a week or two when he recovers. Do you think the doctors diagnosed it right?"

I didn't answer her then. I was five hundred miles from Richard. I hadn't seen him, but I feared that there was something more than an extreme case of jaundice. Just six weeks ago he seemed perfectly healthy. Helen had called this morning to tell me he was in a coma. Two hours ago she called again; he had begun Cheynne-Stockes breathing. I was sitting up. I was waiting for the telephone to ring; it was good I wasn't sleepy. I looked at the sky again. No clouds, no lightning—just a half-moon sinking lower in the west.

I reviewed the events of the past three weeks in my mind. As soon as Richard was moved to Atlanta, I went to see him. Tears came in my eyes when I saw his emaciated body—a thin shadow of his robust self. His eyes were deep set in his head. They were extremely glassy. His skin looked like parchment and was as dry. His voice was weak and hollow. It pained me to recognize him as being my son. But his smile and good humor were still there. I was thankful for that.

I conferred with the doctors. They steadfastly agreed that Richard had a very severe case of jaundice. It took a great deal of effort for me to disagree with their diagnosis. I told them I believed my son had cancer. They were experts, but they were young. There was no doubt in my mind; I had seen cancer enough in my forty years of practice to recognize its symptoms. They decided to treat him for jaundice for ten days. After three days I came home. I could see no progress in my son's condition. He could still smile when I left him. On the tenth day I returned. Richard's smile was weaker. I determined to have my diagnosis followed up, but I knew it was too late; the disease had branded him.

I immediately spoke to the doctors. Again I asserted that my son had cancer. For a few minutes none of them said anything; none looked at me—they were staring at the floor, possibly because my chin was trembling. It wasn't necessary for them to say anything. Their silence was consent. Finally the eldest doctor and expert surgeon of the group put his arm around my shoulders and said, "We'll operate at seven in the morning. I can have an observation set up for you if you would like to see the operation." I nodded and walked blindly from the room. I didn't want them to see me cry.

I told my wife about the operation. And then, because I was compelled to, I called each of the other five children. Each one was in a different state somewhere between Kansas and New York. None of them asked why I called

urging them to see Richard. All of them began leaving for Atlanta that night. I told Richard of the operation. He wasn't surprised. When I bade him good-night, he convulsively held me. Then, squeezing my hand, he joked, "I'm glad you're going to be there, Dad. I'll bet you've always wanted to see my iron stomach!" In a more serious tone he remarked as I left the room, "It's going to be all right." I met the doctor in the corridor.

"Get a good night's sleep, doctor. I'll see you at 6:30. Surgery is on fifth floor."

"Thank you," I muttered. "I'll be there."

I was on the observation stand when they rolled Richard in. They used an anesthetic which I had never seen before. One drop too much could mean the difference between life and death. I held my breath as I watched them cut the incision. As the doctor folded back the digestive tract, I saw the vital organ, or what was left of it, at the same time he did. There was a dead silence in the room—only the hum of the lights. The surgeon glanced at the other doctors. Then with misty eyes he looked at me. I nodded. Because he was a devout Catholic, he crossed himself before he replaced the organs. In fifteen minutes Richard was stitched up and rolled to his room. I was amazingly calm. I knew what they would find. It was a relief to be in doubt no longer.

The surgeon put his hand on my shoulder as I walked down the corridor from the dressing-room. "I'm terribly sorry you had to see it. There was nothing else to do but sew him up."

I sighed, "I hope it won't be long."

"Eight days at the most," was the reply. "Do you believe in telling a patient of his condition?"

"Yes," I replied.

"So do I. If he asks me first, I'll tell him; if he asks you first, will you tell him?"

"Yes, I'll tell him," I said as I opened Richard's door. And he asked me.

The effect of the anesthetic had worn off. Richard showed no signs of drowsiness. "Well, Dad, it didn't take long, did it?" he said as I walked to his bedside.

"No, son, forty-five minutes." There was a long period of silence as I adjusted the blinds. I would not tell him unless he asked. Finally I broke the silence. "It's a beautiful day. Hot as blazes, though. Hope we can get some rain at home. My corn can use it."

Richard made no reply. Then he looked at me calmly. His voice did not quiver as he asked, "Dad, have I got cancer?"

I was prepared for that moment, and I didn't hesitate. "Yes, son, you have."

"Can it be cured?"

I merely shook my head; I couldn't find strength to say no.

"I hope it won't be long," he said as he gazed out the window.

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"No, I don't think it will," I replied as I wondered what was going through his mind.

For a long time he said nothing as he stared out the window. Then, turning his head to me, he spoke as calmly as if he were teaching his history class, "Well, Dad, I hate to leave you and mama and the family, but I'm ready to go. If I can't live, I can't. I guess there's no use to cry about it. It won't do any good. I'm glad you told me. That's better than being in doubt." Then he brightened up as he remarked, "I hope Helen gets here first. I've got a bone to pick with her."

"Yes," I said, "she should be downstairs now. I'll see if I can find her." That gave me the excuse I wanted to leave him. I wanted to cry not because Richard knew his fate but because he was facing it cheerfully. Again I was thankful for his good humor.

After all the family had gathered there, Richard joked and played card games for a week. It was almost like a family reunion in the summer; there were only his waning strength and a calendar on the table to make it different. On the seventh day after the operation Richard began to doze a great deal. He would go to sleep while we were talking to him. That was the day I left him.

I glanced again at my watch. It was 11:50. Still no lightning. The moon was sinking faster now. I wondered what was passing through Richard's unconscious mind tonight. I wondered if pictures of his early escapades boomed up in his thoughts as they did in mine. Richard wasn't a mean little boy; he was just mischievous. One vivid memory of him at six came to my mind. He wore long yellow curls then—it was the style. His curls and overalls were an amusing combination. I had taken him in a grocery store with me, but I became absorbed in a conversation and had forgotten curly-headed Richard. When I was ready to leave I found him at the front of the store, where he presented an unforgettable picture. He was down on his knees with curly head bent over a block of cow salt. He was vigorously licking it. When he saw me laughing at him, he jumped up unashamed and exclaimed, "Daddy, when I grow, I'm going to have a whole lots of cows so they can lick this pretty stuff." I almost laughed out in the stillness of the night as I recalled Richard's taste for salt.

I remembered that Richard always had to satisfy his curiosity. Another unforgettable incident occurred when he was fourteen. He had watched the construction of a large power line tower which was a hundred feet high. When it was finished, he begged me to allow him to climb to the top. I consented, for I knew he would do it anyhow. His climb went off without mishap. His freckled face was beaming with triumph that night as he told his mother about climbing to the very top of the tower.

"Well, *what* did you do when you got there?" she asked.

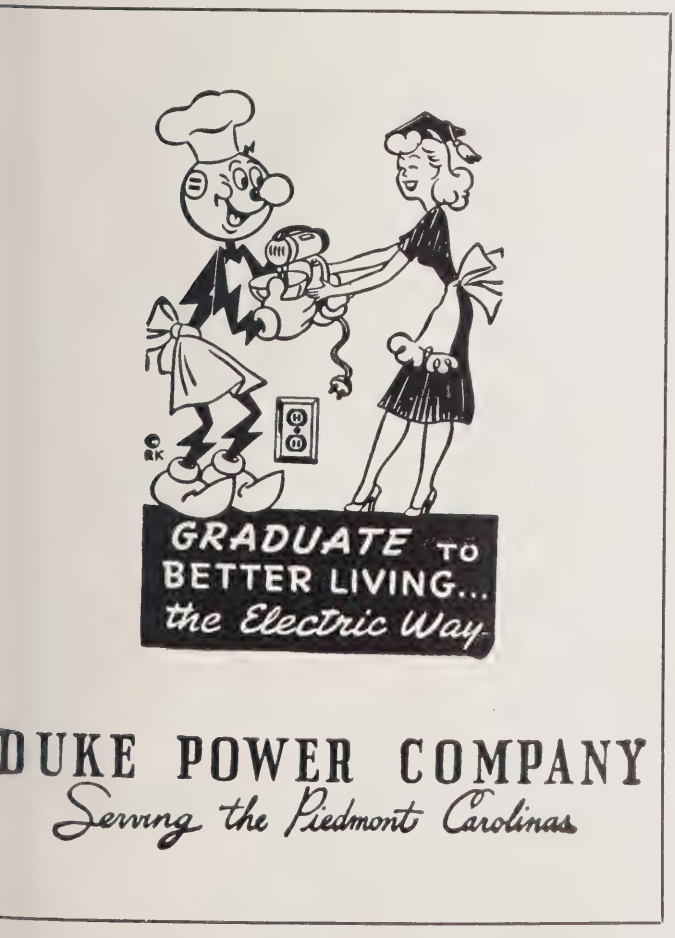
"I just spit," was his only reply. He developed a sense of humor at an early age.

My mind raced through the events of Richard's thirty-five years. Richard did not make a brilliant record in high school and college—in fact, he caused us many worries with his lackadaisical attitude toward education. As soon as Richard finished college, he entered the navy as an ensign. His service career was a very ordinary one until that fateful day in the Pacific when his ship was torpedoed and was sinking. He never told us the details; he received the Navy Cross for his bravery in saving many lives and in risking his own. His mother took great pride in showing the cross to all the patients who entered my office. It was then that I first realized the true worth of Richard's easy-going manner. I developed much confidence in him; I saw great plans for his future. I wondered if those he saved realized he was dying.

He went through a great deal after the war—marriage, divorce, an almost fatal wreck. Then he studied for his Master's degree and settled down to teach in an average Florida town. He won the faculty, the children, and their parents with his frankness and good humor. The children adored him, the principal had told me at the hospital. He studied with them, played with them, and worked with them. A surge of joy ran through me in the waning moonlight as I remembered Richard's excited telephone conversation with me from Florida last spring. "Dad! I was elected the state 'Teacher-of-the-year.' Everyone in the school voted for me—even the trustees."

"Fine, son. I'm not surprised. Did you get anything else?"

"Oh, they gave me a $500 bond, but I've transferred it to the Negro chapel I've been working with this year. I



don't need money. I'm a school teacher—I'm rich!" he joked. His sense of humor always prevailed. I knew his students were waiting for news of him, and I shuddered to think if it.

I looked at the sky again for tell-tale signs of rain. Then I saw the moon barely visible above the horizon. As I watched it, a cloud floated over the upper tip. I glanced at my watch—12:13 A.M. When I looked up, the half-moon was gone. Lightning was beginning to flash, and for the first time I heard the distant rumble of thunder. I watched the approaching storm for a long time. At last I was getting sleepy. Just as I got up to go to bed, the telephone rang. I was within a foot of it, but I let it ring twice before my trembling hand picked it up. "Dr. Morris speaking." I tried to talk calmly.

"Dad? This is Helen." For a minute there was silence on both ends of the line. "Well, Dad, he's gone," she softly said. "He passed away a little before 12:15. It was only a slight struggle. We'll bring him home early in the morning. Are you and Mama all right? Did I wake you up?"

"We are fine," I replied. "No, I hadn't even gone to bed."

"We'll make the arrangements in the morning. Good night, Dad."

"Good-night, my dear," I said as I put down the phone and wondered how I could tell my wife.

I sat down by the telephone table, but I couldn't cry. I got up to check the screen door latch. It had begun to rain a few scattering drops. I slowly climbed the stairs. We'll bury him in his dark blue suit, I thought. It looked better on him than any other; it would show up his blue eyes. When I got to the bedroom, my wife was awake. "It's beginning to rain at last," I exclaimed as I pulled down the window.

I could feel her eyes following me, and I could hear her voice before she spoke, "Who was the call from?"

"Helen," I said. "He's gone."

"When did he pass away?"

"At moondown," I replied as I pulled down another window, for it was raining very hard now.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

(Continued from page 25)

my girls would love to have some little memento of my trip to put in our library. Now you run—go on—here, give me your cane."

"Lady, gimme that cane and get out of the way. You're crazy!"

I'll not give you the cane until you get my pebbles. You're such a nice young man, and I know you'll do it for me."

"What kinda woman are you, anyway? All my plans are messed up! The coach is gone now and my only chance at the Queen, too, while you stand there with my rod yapping about some silly [illegible] at a school. Well, I didn't get the Queen; but you're not going to bother me any more! Now gimme that rod."

"What was that? I wish that you wouldn't speak o such a beautiful walking cane as a rod; and if you won get my pebbles for me, I'll do it myself. Here's your can It's the heaviest thing I ever felt and so long! Why in th world did you bring such a thing to a parade? Oh wel I want one last look at the coach before it gets out of sigh Will you please excuse me, young man? I hate to leav you in such a crowd by yourself, but I see a perfectly ma velous peep-hole."

As the little lady bustled through the crowd, drawlin again quite distinctly her unheard "Pahdon me," the can in the young man's hand, then pointed straight at th little lady, dropped suddenly, and a twinkle replaced th angry gleam of hatred and disgust in his eyes.

(Continued on next page)

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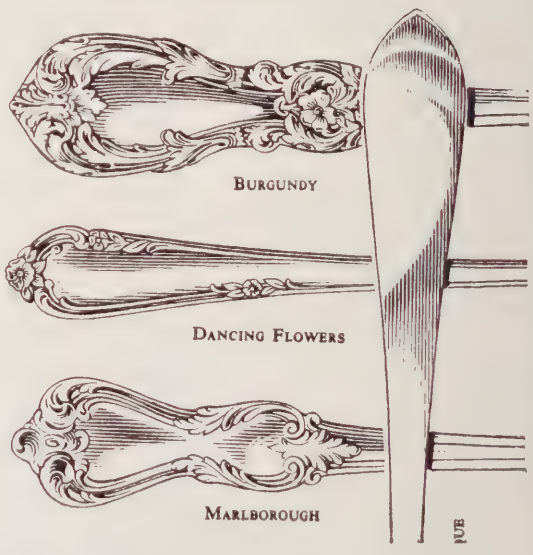

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"You don't meet nuthin' like that but once in a life-ime," he muttered. "And it was almost worth it. Of course, he boss will never see it this a way."

Tweet! Tweet!

"Quick, men—get him before he gives us the slip," cried bobby as he rushed toward the young man. "Whew! That was just in time, fellows. Wonder why the deuce he didn't shoot when the Queen came by. Guess someone vas in the way or something. Using a blooming walking ane gadget with a gun inside. Well, whatta you know—eard of that, but never seen it. You know, I'll have to dmit that hiring an outsider, an American, was a jolly hrewd trick. I think that this fellow will talk with a little ncouragement, and we'll be able to get at that bloody traitor vho everyone knows has been plotting against the crown o that he could put on the throne the man he wanted. By jove, we were lucky today. Come, let's get him to the tation."

The procession had passed now, and the crowd had oined behind. Only the little lady remained at the place vhere she had been standing. Each passer-by glanced uriously down at the stooped figure eagerly gathering small ebbles and placing them in a paper bag; and if anyone assed close enough, he could hear the little old lady vhispering over and over to herself, oblivious that she had nade possible "God Save the Queen."

AUTUMN WHIMSY

SARAH ANN SMITH—*Centennial Class*

In the beauty of the Autumn
When the trees are growing bare,
I view the stately oak tree
Standing in our garden square.

It has donned its cloak of scarlet
And forgot its summer gown;
But it soon will be losing
The glory of its golden crown.

It will stand throughout the winter
With forlorn, bare branches shaking,
Till spring in all her splendor
Stages there her new awakening.

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SINCERITY

Barbara Myers

"Oh, thank you so much for the lovely flowers, Albert. How did you know this was my favorite kind?" Violets, how could he be so stupid as to think anyone would like violets. I know all the other girls will have gardenias or orchids. "What did you say, Albert? Oh, yes, let's go on to the dance."

"Don't you think the Country Club is an ideal place for the dance, Albert?" It really is the most unsophisticated place in town. Why it wasn't held at the Red Feather Club I'll never know.

"Here we are! Oh, just look at those lovely decorations." And just look at that irresistible stag line. "Oh, hello-o-o, you all. Why, Jim White, I haven't seen you in ages. I'll have to talk to you sometime tonight! Well, come on, Albert, I guess we had better dance. You're such a nice dancer, Albert, just like a dream." I should have said like a nightmare. If he doesn't get those clodhoppers off my new satin slippers, I think I will scream. "Psst, Alice, you look absolutely divine. That dress is just precious!" It is right cute, but she should know that green just isn't her color. "Humm, doesn't that music just carry you away, Albert?" Gosh, I shouldn't have said that. Now he will start singing in my ear again.

At last intermission is here; so Albert can get me some punch. This is my opportunity to speak to that good-looking Wade Bennett. Oh, there he is in a corner of the ball room, but what in the world is he doing with that little blonde? If there is anything I can't stand, it's a person who is two-faced!

GOAL

Charlene Warren

To reach for and not quite grasp,
To listen and not quite hear,
To behold and not quite see,
  But to strive.

To despair but not give up,
To doubt but never lose,
To tire but never cease,
  But to drive.

To dare and even do,
To hope and even dream,
To know and understand,
  Thus to thrive.

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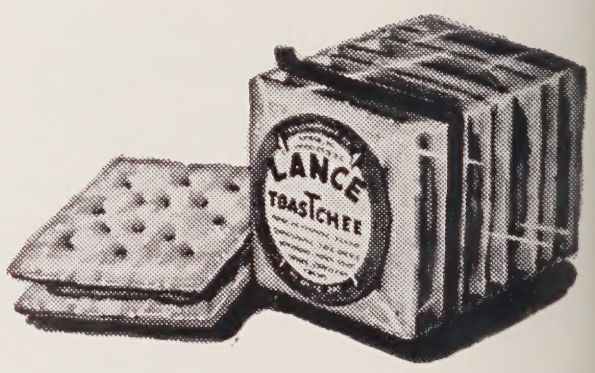

Enjoy—

Lance

Peanut Butter
Sandwiches
with
Your Drink